

The TATLER

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London, December 30, 1931

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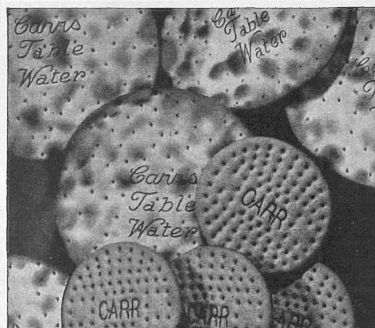
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The TATTLER

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CHANGE—FOR THE BETTER ?

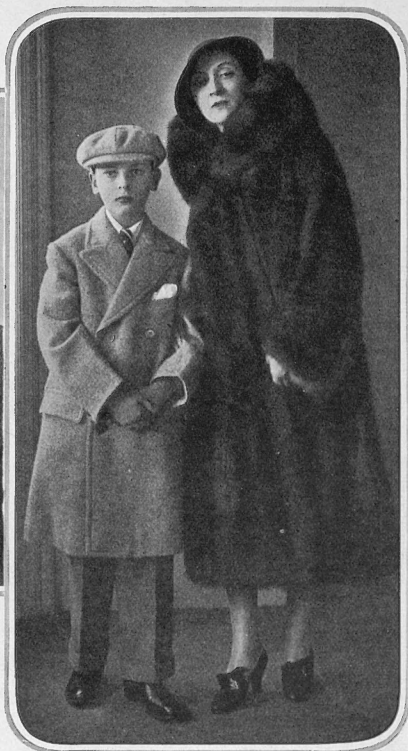
It is up to every one of us to fill the cup that clears To-Day of past regrets and look forward in this New Year to a To-Morrow in which all the dead Yesterdays must be interred. "Courage" is the, and the only possible, pass-word to the future. The charming young woman in this picture, which wishes us a Happy New Year, is Judith Wood, a little Paramount star who is playing lead in their picture called "Working Girls"

The Letters of Eve



AT FOYLE'S LITERARY LUNCHEON: MRS. CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY, SIR GILBERT PARKER, AND LADY GREENWOOD

This group was taken at the fourteenth of Foyle's Literary Luncheons which was held at Grosvenor House. These most interesting functions happen at fairly frequent intervals, and at all of them someone of distinction in the world of letters is induced to speak. Lord Greenwood took the chair at this luncheon and the principal speaker was the author of "Good Companions" and "Angel Pavement," Mr. J. B. Priestley—seen in the picture below. Sir Gilbert Parker is the very distinguished poet and author



LADY FOLEY AND HER SON LORD FOLEY

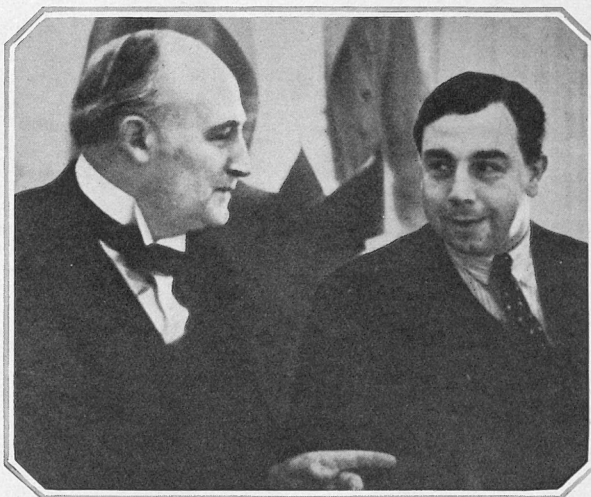
The late Lord Foley died in 1927 and was succeeded by his only son, the little boy in this picture, who was born in 1923. Lady Foley is the daughter of Mr. Harry Greenstone, who is a well-known mine owner in South Africa. One of Lady Foley's Christian names is Minoru

SOMEWHERE IN CORNWALL.

TALK of peace on earth, it's here all right, and if this letter is somewhat disjointed you must blame the picture waiting to be looked at outside my window. A vast garden, full of sub-tropicals and already green with bulbs, tumbles steeply down a wooded valley; at its foot the river sweeps broadly, while away in the distance, seeming to beckon with mist-wreathed fingers, lies lovely Dartmoor.

And I picked a big bunch of violets out of doors on Christmas Day. Can you beat that? What did you do? Anything not to speak of? I hear the seasonable spirit has had such a good effect on one young couple that they have now set up house together again, greatly to the surprise of their friends. If I tell you that the lady in question plays the piano like an angel you may guess who it is, and if you can't, so much the better.

It's quite difficult to cast one's mind back to the pre-plum-pudding era, but I vaguely remember a rather nice party given by Lady Castlerosse. She's taken Mrs. Somerset Maugham's house, and as this has a white drawing-room the notion of asking



"GOOD COMPANIONS": LORD GREENWOOD AND MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY

Also at the recent Foyle Literary Luncheon at Grosvenor House, another flash-shot of which is in the picture at the top of the page. The Right Hon. Lord Greenwood was in the chair, and Mr. J. B. Priestley and Mr. A. E. Coppard were the other principal speakers. Lord Greenwood was formerly Sir Hamar Greenwood, Bt., and was born and educated in Canada. He had a distinguished "War" and afterwards was Secretary of the Overseas Trade Department

everyone to come dressed in either black or white was eminently right.

Lady Mary Lygon looked quite ravishing. I'm always talking of the Lygons' beauty, but one can't help it. They are becoming a sort of legend, like the Gunning sisters in the eighteenth century.

Lady Dorothy Ashley-Cooper was prize-worthy too, and as usual Princess Jean de Faucigny Lucinge was the essence of chic—a sadly maltreated word, but no other describes her marvellous habiliments. She came with her tall brother Mr. Robin d'Eranger. Another member of that decorative family, to wit, Edythe Baker, was also there and very gay.

It's an old story now, but the demonstrations made at Lady Veronica Blackwood's wedding were so remarkable that something has got to be said and done about it all. It is

simply amazing the way in which popular imagination gets caught by some people, resulting in a mass movement of the most desperate kind. Why, oh why? Really, very distressing when the mob surged into the church as if there was a bull-fight (not that I've ever been to one), and between you and me it wasn't only the gate-crashers who didn't know how to behave!

A flood of Guinness there was, of course, and an army corps of guests. To have been at the early morning "bride's farewell" party lent cachet to the select, but the culminating points of modishness were at Lady Veronica's finger-tips. Believe it or not, silver nails to match the wedding trappings.

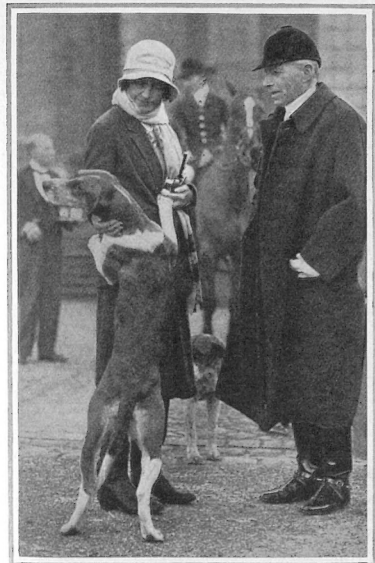
The child attendants were really delightful, and easily defeated their elders in the deportment section.

* * *

Shelley House, where the reception was held, is my idea of the perfect London house, probably because it's far more like a country one. And oh! the things inside are too superb. Of course a lot of the extra special glories had been put away

to make room for the invading horde. Quite right, too, for "museum pieces" abound, and one scarcely dare move or sit for fear of doing damage.

M. R. and Mrs. St. John Hornby—I forgot to say they are the owners of this lovely house, though, of course, you know their son was the bridegroom of the day—also have a glorious place in Dorset, equally well found. As a family they are very musical and enormously well educated, in fact the extent of their knowledge is quite alarming.



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH AND MAJOR DALY, M.F.H.

At the Heythrop meet at Blenheim Palace, the Duke of Marlborough's very stately home in Oxfordshire. Major D. St. G. Daly has been joint Master of the Heythrop with Colonel Brassey since 1925 and is exceedingly popular with everyone

Supposing you had mislaid the Marchese and Marchesa Marconi and were upset about it, what would you do? Appeal to the B.B.C.? The answer is easier than that. Just go and lunch or dine in the Marquis de Chateaubrun's Caucasian Grill at the Splendide and you're almost certain of finding them.

I did when I went there the other night. How attractive to look upon she is! He appeared to be taking



LADY MINTO AND HER CHILDREN

Clapperton

A snapshot taken when the Duke of Buccleuch's Hounds met at Hassenden Burn, near Hawick. On Lady Minto's right is Lady Bridget Elliot and on her left Lady Willa Elliot and Lord Melgund, while the Hon. Dominic Elliot, the youngest member of the family, is watching proceedings from the car

life rather seriously, but I suppose this plan of tuning-in to Mars does take some thinking out.

Lady Muriel Beckwith's big party were obviously having capital fun, and equally obviously enchanted with the Kasbek Cossack orchestra and choir. One always sees interesting people there. Count Orloff, for instance, whom as the Tsar's favourite A.D.C., or Prince Yousouf, who helped to put paid to Rasputin's account. Then there's that delightful person, Count Paul Rodzianko. He taught the Free State Army to ride, you know, and is a perfect marvel on a horse.

I hear he thinks his face is "horrible," and that not long ago he went briskly off to a beauty parlour to have it lifted. However, he was told to come back in twenty years.

* * *

While we're on the subject of faces, how does George Gros-smith keep his so young? I was talking to him just before he left for America, and really, my dear, a two-year-old wasn't in it. He's to be away three weeks, having gone in search of productions suitable for transplantation. Rather dull, you'd think, to spend Christmas at sea, but I fancy he was congratulating himself on evading the one pound looks somewhat prevalent over here at this time of year.

Mrs. Cyril Ward, the Leonard Brasseys, Colonel Edgar Brassey and his wife (one of the ever attractive Trefusi) and their pretty daughter, Marjorie, are leaving us quite soon for a jaunt to the West Indies in the *Duchess of Richmond*. Rather fun it sounds, doesn't it? And one cannot help feeling a pang of envy, now that we have to miss our Swiss and all. Miss Mary Crichton is going with them. She and her cousin Marjorie—they are great friends, by the way—were two of last year's most successful débutantes, so Trinidad, etc., are in luck.

* * *

The passing of "old man depression" is happily announced in a letter from Canada. Judging by accounts of the parties for débutantes and others there

(Continued overleaf)
a 2



WHEN THE PYTCHLEY WERE AT EAST FARNDON

A group consisting of Captain Pearce, Miss Jennifer Pearce, Mrs. Brassey, Miss Diana and Miss Pamela Brassey, Miss Lynch, and Captain Sanford. Though many packs were stopped by frost on this particular day, the Pytchley were able to hunt

Bale

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

seems to be any amount of "what-ho-ing" going on across the water. Montreal has had an official visitation from the Bessboroughs, who stayed with Sir Montague and Lady Allen. Lots



THE RICHMOND ICE RINK SUNDAY CLUB

Miss P. Champain, Miss Champain, and Miss V. Lubbock, who are three very enthusiastic patrons of this club, which was formed to enable its members to skate on Sundays. The Richmond Ice Rink, of course, is closed to the public on Sundays, and only members of the Club can use it

an exciting far-north trip, therefore Mrs. Bircher thought he would be more at home in an igloo. Consequently the dining-room had a fire burning in the middle with bearskins around to sit on. Those who wanted to dance slid down to the ball-room, for no Eskimo house has stairs! Wasn't that a good idea?

Toronto, too, has had its fair share of fun, Miss Betty Wilson and Miss Isabel Pepall having each had a dance given in their honour. The Lynn Plummers retaliated with one for their niece, Miss Stair Lynn, and Mrs. Tom Richardson's "at home" with Miss Helen Wilson as chief exhibit was a huge success.

I wonder if I'm letting a cat too far out of its bag by telling you of Miss Nancy Mitford's latest literary plans. You know her "Highland Fling" had a great success, and spurred on thereby she is hard at work on another book. At the moment she intends to call it "Christmas Pudding," but that doesn't mean that it's ready for consumption. This young authoress is tall and attractive, with the great additional virtue of never seeming bored. Consequently, she is much in demand for every sort of party, although nominally in residence with her parents, Lord and Lady Redesdale, near Oxford. There is no doubt the power of enjoyment is a huge asset.

The Beaton sisters are also quite equal to any occasion, and are now entertaining in their brother's Wiltshire house while he is away in America. As you might suppose, there is nothing ordinary about the interior decoration of this mansion; "à la himself" was the good description

of glorious girls are busy bursting on an astonished world, chief among them Miss Betty Ogilvie, the Shaughnessy sisters—who are not really quite "out" yet but going a good gallop all the same, and Miss Nancy Hale.

Winnipegians of note were most amusingly entertained by Mrs. Ernest Bircher before Miss Mary Northwood's wedding to Mr. Richard Bonycastle. He had just come from

given by one of Mr. Beaton's less artistic friends, who, in an atmosphere of crushed tinsel, felt that any minute the footlights would go on and the entertainment begin. The latter was more than possible lately when Sir Hugh Smiley, Lady Seafeld, and Mr. Studley Herbert were gathered together to make merry.

Here are a few jottings which may be of some interest, but one can't be sure. Did you know that Miss Bridget Nichols is going to Australia for her honeymoon and will ultimately live in Great Cumberland Place?

And perhaps you haven't heard about the correspondent of a very dignified daily who has been threatened with death by a few Hungarians when he returns to Budapesth. "But why go back?" I asked. "Oh, I must. I left my tennis racquet there."

Thirdly, let me inform you that Mrs. Anthony Jenkinson's private zoo—a couple of monkeys, one parrot, and several white mice—is now to include an aquarium, in the best Boulenger manner, she having been presented at Christmas with a 'normous bowl of goldfish. Curiously enough, though they haven't gone off the gold standard there have already been signs of inflation. At least, I understand that one day there were sixty-eight, and the next eighty-six. All very fishy.

First nights get odder. When *Walk this Way* led me (rather late) to the Winter Garden and Gracie Fields, I wondered if I'd strayed to Widdicombe by mistake, for the first thing I observed on the stage was a more than fair-sized cart-horse.

Then, the prevalent "Ba-Gooms" rather misled my companion, he imagining that they had something to do with Wrigleys; however, Lancashire being "the country I was born in," too, I was able to put him wise in that direction.

Sir Henry and Lady Lytton thoroughly enjoyed the evening, though I believe he had his pocket picked. I, as usual, had gone without any money; perhaps that was why the perfect lady on my right shifted her position half-way through the show.

I hear the play's likely to be the thing at the International Sportsmen's Club soon, there being tremendous plans afoot to form a Dramatic Society among its members, using the adjacent ice rink as a theatre when the skating season finishes.

Miss Billy Royds, Admiral Royds' very charming, very fair, and very good-looking daughter, was full of the scheme when I saw her. Her opinion would naturally carry some weight, for she is one of Mr. Cochran's most promising Young Ladies (with the accent on the noun), and 6 ft. 2 in. to boot. It is hoped that perhaps the great C.B. might be persuaded to produce, and Noel Coward is in grave danger of being asked to write a play on purpose, but as he's in America he probably doesn't know of this.

Nearly forgetting to tell you about Lady Queensberry's party for her great friend, Lady Baillie, the former Olive Wilson-Filmer. Splendidly seasonable with a tree, mistletoe (not much used), and the largest possible crackers. Lord Lonsdale got well away with the latter, and I noticed that he chose the prettiest people to pull them with. Rex Benson sang and played, there was no lack of drink, and you could play backgammon if you preferred it to dancing.

All the usual "beauts" were there: Mrs. Rex Colclough, spending the evening with the Ward twins, Lady Bridgett Poulett, whose eye-black ran, much to her annoyance; Mrs. Thursby and Lady Milbanke in different coloured versions of the same quite backless model (most Antibian in effect).

Mrs. Richard Norton, determined to be different in simple white with a red velvet sash under her arms, looked charmingly Jane Austenish, but I rather wished that Lady Morvyth Benson had chosen something more inspiring than black jet. However our hostess in white with black sleeves, and Lady Baillie in grey and silver, more than made up for it.

Well, so long till next year, and may it be a better one than you expect.—Yours, EVE.



THE ROUND-AFRICA FLYERS: CAPTAIN R. H. MACKINTOSH, THE HON. MRS. RICHARD WESTENRA, AND SIR ABE BAILEY

Taken at the Municipal Air Port, Cape Town, just after the Hon. Mrs. Westenra and Captain Mackintosh had landed and were met by Sir Abe Bailey. The Hon. Mrs. Westenra, who is a sister-in-law of Sir Abe Bailey, and Captain R. H. Mackintosh left London on December 6, and when they arrived at Cape Town had covered 11,000 miles, having come via France, Italy, Egypt, and Central Africa



WITH THE MONMOUTHSHIRE HOUNDS AT PENTWYN CASTLE, NEAR RAGLAN

Truman Howell

An interesting group taken when the Monmouthshire met at Mr. G. L. ("Peter") Clay's seat and were entertained by him and his wife, who is still a bride, as they were married only in October

Included in this group, left to right, are: Mr. A. Lawrence (last year's skipper of the Harrow Cricket XI.), Mrs. L. Twiston Davies (wife of the Joint Master), Mr. G. Gwire, Major Oakden Fisher, Colonel Hamilton (late Indian Army), Mrs. Foster, Mrs. G. L. Clay, Major Jack Herbert (in rear, who is in the "Blues"), Mr. G. L. Clay (who plays for the Eton Ramblers, Free Foresters, Gloucestershire Gypsies, and South Wales Hunts cricket teams), Colonel C. F. Kennedy, M.F.H. (Joint Master), who is taking up the appointment of Officer-in-Charge of Records, York, early in 1932), Mrs. Kennedy, Lady Herbert, Miss Betty Foster, Captain L. Twiston Davies, M.F.H. (Joint Master), Miss D. Evans, and Miss Russell-Clarke



Kilkeel, Dublin

WITH THE MEATH: LIEUT.-COLONEL THE HON. EDWARD STOURTON, LADY DUNSANY, AND MRS. HOPE-JOHNSTON



IN HYDE PARK: THE HON. THEODORA BENSON AND THE HON. BETTY ASKWITH



Kilkeel, Dublin

ANOTHER MEATH GROUP: THE HON. MRS. TRISTRAM MASSY, AND THE HON. RANDAL PLUNKETT

The two Meath snapshots were taken at recent fixtures, the one on the left when they met at Killeen Castle, and one on the right when they were at Slane Castle. Colonel the Hon. Edward Stourton is very well known with the Meath and also on this side of the Irish Channel—in the Yorkshire hunting world amongst others. Corbalton, his Irish seat, is in the heart of the Meath country. The Hon. Randal Plunkett, who is doing a bit of capping, is Lord Dunsany's son and heir, and the Hon. Mrs. Tristram Massy is the widow of the late Hon. Tristram Massy, a brother of the present Lord Massy. The Hon. Theodora Benson, who is Lord Charnwood's younger daughter, is a talented young novelist, and her last book, "Which Way," got a "highly commended" from the Book Society. In a previous book she and the Hon. Betty Askwith, Lord and Lady Askwith's only daughter, collaborated, and she also has a literary gift and has written some quite charming verse

The Cinema : In Melancholy Mood

By JAMES AGATE

IT is hard for such a fanatical admirer of the film, as I hold myself to be, to run my eye down any week's list of "attractions" at the cinemas and realize what a discouraging lot they are. Week after week the same old story of Cophetua and the Beggar-maid, whether the maid be a glove-seller or a dancing-partner, and whether the monarch be a Balkan prince or the lustful skipper of some sin-ship, brought back to monogamy by the sight of a dimity bodice cut low. Week after week goes by without one single film—unless it be at the Academy Theatre—in which an intelligent boy of fourteen could take interest. The rule with the film companies would appear to be to seek bosh and ensue it. The truth, of course, is that there are just not enough good stories to go round provided, of course, that the good story is what the industry is looking for. As always, the difficulty is with the public, which apparently cares nothing at all for story so long as it can see some Muswell Hill mousey-pousey roguey-pogueyng herself into a pair of cami-knickers. I suppose that one of the principal functions of the cinema is to take the little typist into a world which she can never inhabit, so that her evenings compensate her for days spent in typing effusions in the matter of hogs and tallow. To sit at a desk listening to the ungrammatical suspirations of illiterate boors is something those of us who dictate, instead of being dictated to, can know nothing about. Yet we must admit that those little souls who are daily steeped in such hog-wash handsomely deserve their evening's delirium, and it is quite possible that Miss Lilian Harvey's singing progress through the streets of Vienna will for some of our toilers take the *un* out of unendurable for weeks to come. That is the sanction and justification of such films.

Occasionally, however, the film companies, or those who control them, realize that imbecility has overshot its mark. I went the other evening to the Empire to see Laurel and Hardy in *Beau Chumps*, well knowing that I might be compelled to witness *Deadlock*, from the accounts of all my colleagues an abysmal British business. First we had an Interest Film, after which came a News Reel wholly fatuous, or so it appeared to my jaundiced and apprehensive spirit. There was something about Christmas waits—since the film insists upon being at all costs topical. The waits, having been rudely dismissed by some curmudgeon in the Cromwell Road, persisted, so the curmudgeon opened the door again and his daughter pleaded with him on behalf of the five ragamuffins, to whom the curmudgeon then said: "Would you like some cocoa?" Whereupon a maid-servant instantly appeared bearing five cups of steaming cocoa, a feat of improvisation which Bournville itself could not accomplish. This kind of thing enrages me. And then the moment arrived when it was no longer going to be possible to avoid *Deadlock*, since this was not the Tivoli, and between us and the next film there stood not Miss Ena Baga and her Wurlitzer. And then a miracle happened. It appeared that *Deadlock* had been withdrawn in favour of something presumably less imbecile, that something being *A Phantom of Paris*, featuring Mr. John Gilbert complete with nose. I say this because, while there is a proverb that no two noses are alike, it is necessary to insist that no other nose can be as long, since the whole point of this film turned upon Mr. Gilbert

being able to look like somebody else. Mr. Gilbert was supposed to be one Chéri Bibi, a gentleman of the same profession as Houdini. We saw him manacled by police handcuffs, leg-shackled, put into a tank of water with a locked lid, and emerging therefrom after two minutes. Now this is at any time a remarkable feat rendered still more remarkable by the fact that Mr. Gilbert emerged from the tank completely dry! Mr. Gilbert, having taken off his dress-coat, was in his shirt sleeves, and any reader wishing to know the effect of water upon linen can now retire to the bath-room and immerse his arms in the wash-basin. Up to the elbow will do. Then Chéri Bibi fell in love with a maiden of high degree who was betrothed to a French Count, a bad lot. Some day one of our sociological students must discover for us why, in the old-fashioned novel and the new-fangled film, the English Baronet and the French Count are always walking epitomes of vice. The maiden's father, seeing that it was all off with the Count, then told that rogue that he was going to make a new will cutting him out of it, whereupon the Count murdered the

careless old gentleman and arranged it to look like Chéri Bibi's work. It is impossible for me to follow the subsequent convolutions of this story in all their solemn futility. I will therefore come at once to the point of the film, which is this. Chéri Bibi, having been sentenced to death and escaped from jail, had been in hiding for five years, during which time the maiden had married her Count—who simultaneously carried on with her father's house-keeper, apparently a French *marquise*! The Count then got influenza and on his death-bed confessed the murder to Chéri Bibi, who had come in by the window, but died before Chéri Bibi could get witnesses. Whereupon Chéri Bibi stole the corpse and retired to the mountains with a plastic surgeon, returning after six months with his features



IVOR NOVELLO AND RUTH CHATTERTON IN "ONCE A LADY"

The latest film which they have made in Hollywood. Everyone thinks of Ivor Novello more in terms of the stage proper and as a composer, but as a matter of fact his film experience is a very wide one indeed both in England and America. Incidentally he composed and wrote "Keep the Home Fires Burning" before he was nineteen. Miss Ruth Chatterton's big picture just before this one was "The Right to Love"—a great success

remodelled to permit him to pose as the Count, but looking exactly like the old Chéri Bibi, only more so! "Damn your nose, ma'am, there's no end to it!" said Reynolds to Mrs. Siddons. Mr. Gilbert's nose is unmistakable, and nobody at the Empire mistook it. But in the film everybody was prepared to accept Chéri Bibi as the Count, including the maid, who had become the Count's wife, and the *marquise* who all along had been his mistress. As I remember, when d'Artagnan played that disgraceful trick upon Miladi he did it in the dark, when, as Dumas says, all cats are grey. But Chéri Bibi does it in the light, and that two women can mistake a man I shall not believe. His hands would give him away.

This rubbish must have lasted well over an hour, and I sat through it solely for the sake of Laurel and Hardy whose *Beau Chumps*, if I am to be quite frank, was an enormous disappointment. *Beau Chumps* is, of course, a burlesque, if not of *Beau Geste* then of all the other plays and films which deal with life in the Foreign Legion. But the story is poor, the invention miserable, and the humour almost non-existent. It is possible that there is something about the open air which kills humour, that it is difficult, to say the least of it, to be funny in the middle of the Sahara. The fact remains that both these geniuses whom normally I idolize left me on this occasion without a smile. But then it never was any use taking people out of their element, and the element of Stan and Oliver is the suburban villa, and not the Open Spaces where there is nothing to smash.

AT THE PLAYHOUSES



IN "SHE PASSED THROUGH LORRAINE": MISS THEA HOLME (THE GIRL)



ALSO MISS GABRIELLE CASARTELLI AND MR. FREDERICK PEISLEY



MISS MOYA MANNERING IN "PEG O' MY HEART"

Mr. Lionel Hale's play, "She Passed Through Lorraine," was called "Passing Through Lorraine" when it was produced at the Arts Theatre in November. It is now at the Prince of Wales, and is first and foremost a good acting play for almost everyone concerned. It is all about a young woman who thinks it would be rather fun to pretend that she is the martyred Maid of Orleans. All goes quite well till the adventurous young woman finds that her little effort is being taken very seriously and that it is proposed to make her suffer the same fate. Mr. Monckton Hoffe's charming play, "The Faithful Heart," is at the Comedy, and is as popular as it was when it was first produced in 1921. The other popular revival, "Peg o' My Heart," was produced at Prince's on Boxing Day, and Miss Moya Mannering repeats her success of 1915.



IN "THE FAITHFUL HEART": MISS GRIZELDA HARVEY AND MR. GODFREY TEARLE

Photographs by Stage Photo Co.



WITH THE BEDALE: MR. AND MRS. McALPINE AND MRS. W. W. BURDON

The Bedale are one of the oldest packs in the hound list and descend from the Old Raby Hunt over which the Earl of Darlington (1st Duke of Cleveland) presided. It is a nice country in the North Riding of Yorkshire. Mrs. Burdon is the wife of the Master, Mr. W. W. Burdon, who has had them since 1925, hunts them himself, and does the trick very well

From the Beaufort

Saturday from Sevington, in lovely weather, produced only a very moderate day's sport. After the Grittleton foxes had been exercised a succession of blank draws ensued, even Maidford Brake could not produce the necessary!

Monday, from Great Wood, was only a moderate day's sport, but on Tuesday from Rodmarton we had a really good dart (and a straight one!) into the hills, and then two more enjoyable hunts in the afternoon. We hope Master's lecture at the meet will have the desired effect, certainly something was needed. Who won the argument, "the Colonel from Malmesbury way" or our secretary? The former certainly got a bit back when Simon jumped into the Beans. The Lower Woods Covert was full of foxes on Wednesday, and let's hope they have been scattered in the Vale again.

On Friday we woke up to find a sharp frost, and hounds were unable to hunt from their fixture at West Kingdon, but were brought back to give the ducal foxes some exercise. Let's hope we are not in for a frost, but Saturday was a blank day, much to the disappointment of our young generation who have just returned for the holidays. We must congratulate our amateur riders, Captain Bobby Vivian, who scored a nice victory on Mr. Romer-Williams' Rosskill at Hurst Park, and Charlie Cooper, who steered his own promising young hurdler to victory at Sandown Park. Wishing you



THE ETON BEAGLES GO TO ALNWICK

Lord Hugh Percy, who is Master of the Eton Beagles, took them up to Alnwick Castle with him when the school went down, and has been hunting them up there since with much success. In the picture are the Duchess of Northumberland (the Master's mother), Lord Richard Percy, Lord Hugh Percy, and the kennel huntsman W. Perkins. A good many subsequently distinguished M.F.H.s. have learnt the rudiments of the job with this pack

From the Shires and Provinces

all a happy New Year, and let's hope brighter and more prosperous days are in store for us all.

From the Fernie

A dull, grey morning, strings of horses wending their way to Ashby Magna, cars unloading gay foxhunters. That was the scene on Monday morning. It was one of our best days. Many visitors had joined us—Lady Feilding, the South Atherstone M.F.H., "Weedon," and other "sojer" officers, not forgetting the numerous sporting farmers who are always welcomed. Mr. Attfield had a fox in his spinney, but on breaking he mistook his direction and ran right through the pack. He managed to save his brush, however, and then led us over a delightful country past Whetstone Gorse to Peatling Covert. Forty minutes good. Empty saddles and dirty coats were visible all around. "Kentucky" took a purler and blood was flowing on one man's countenance. The rider with the "Alken" hat, "Wardie," and some of the old-timers were taking the fences as they came, and everyone enjoyed a good hunt. Later the pack raced along behind a Willoughby fox over much the same country, to be hunted by Arnesby and John Ball, where the day ended.

Generous hospitality from Mrs. Alfred Forsell at Thurnby primed the inner man for the fray on Thursday. The Quorn had sent its quota

—Lady Irene Cubitt, "Lexie," and "Jim" included—and Lord Borodale had snatched respite from Parliamentary duties, and the regular Fernieites were also in strong force. Visibility was bad, and when our first fox went away from Thurnby Covert one had to keep close with them. Mrs. Van Raalte had an early mishap, her saddle breaking, but another was soon procured. Glen Gorse gave us the best pilot, covering a good line past Harris, to be killed at Thurnby. The horse of the

rider who went through a wooden bridge had a lucky escape. With a leash accounted for Peaker went home happy.

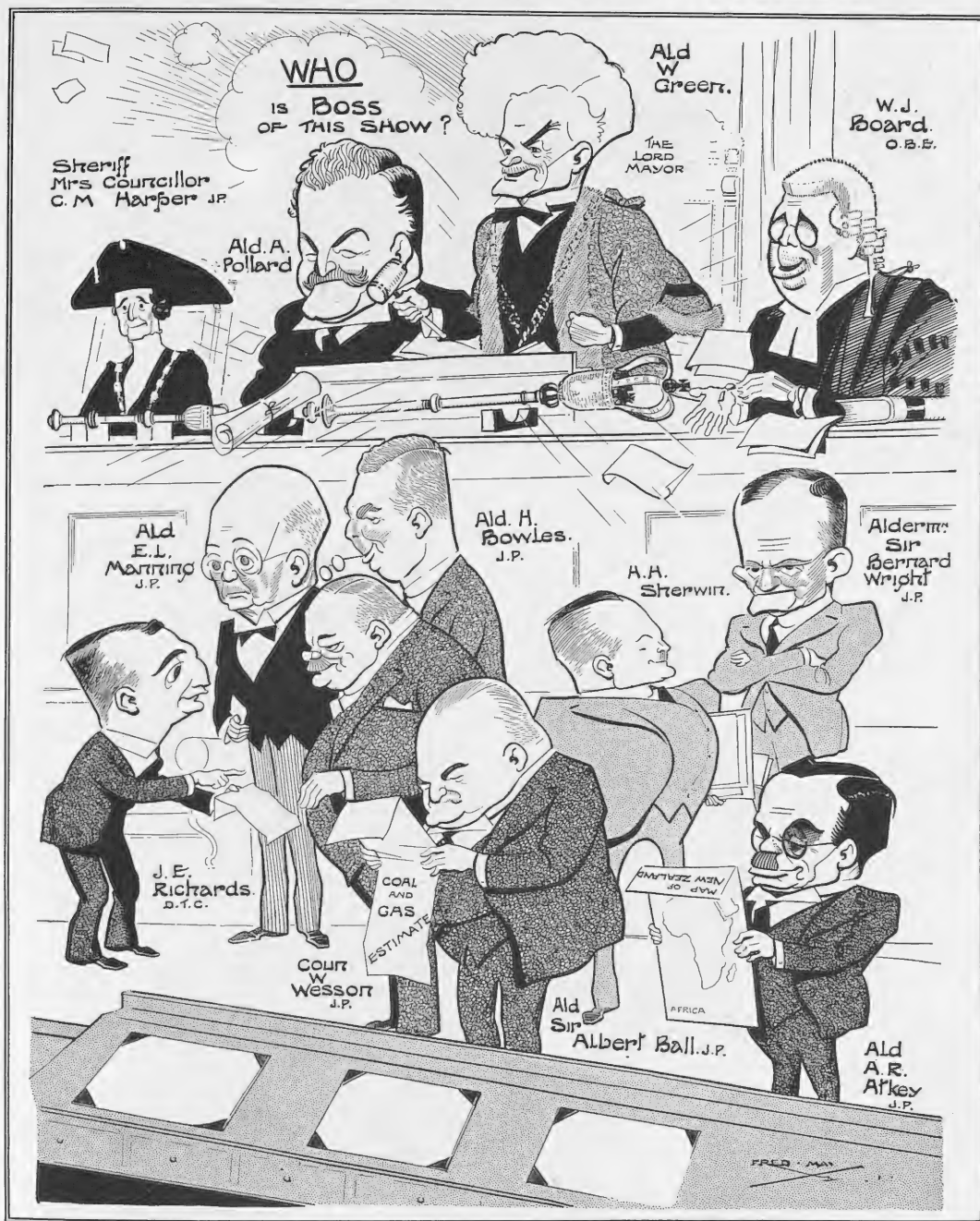
From Warwickshire

Our mild, good-scenting weather has left us for the moment, and the thermometer registers 14 deg., and it is bitterly cold. The week started with a bad scenting day at Shennington, and hounds could never really run. All people could talk about was the crowd of strangers who were reported to be coming out the next day at Oxhill. We managed to show them a bit of sport, for after a skirmish to Pillerton from Oxhill the fun came when we found in Fuleardy Roughfield, and ran a good point to Epwell. The going was very deep, and most people's horses were done. He knew it was a big fence, and it was bad luck in front of everyone. He was lucky to get his horse again so soon.

The meet at Harwood's House was rather spoilt through drawing so many covers blank. The

(Continued on p. 538)

NOTTINGHAM'S CITY FATHERS



THE LORD MAYOR AND HIS SHERIFFS—BY FRED MAY

The Lord Mayor of Nottingham is Alderman W. Green, and these attractive portraits were obtained at a recent City Council. Mrs. (Councillor) C. M. Harper, J.P., is the first woman sheriff; the Deputy Lord Mayor is Alderman A. Pollard (Lord Mayor, 1930-31); the Town Clerk is Mr. W. J. Board, O.B.E.; the leader of the Council is Alderman Sir Albert Ball, J.P.; Councillor W. Wesson, J.P., is a former Lord Mayor; Alderman A. R. Atkey is also a former Lord Mayor and a great sportsman and traveller; Alderman H. Bowles, J.P., is leader of the Labour Party; Alderman E. L. Manning is Father of the Council; Mr. H. H. Sherwin is permanent Chancellor-secretary to the Lord Mayor; Mr. J. E. Richards is deputy Town Clerk; Alderman Sir Bernard Wright, J.P., until recently was leader of the Council. When the chamber met it presented a House of Commons flavour, and after several very heated arguments and much interference the Lord Mayor had to rise and call every one to attention with a remark that, for the moment, made every member believe in goodwill to all men

With Silent

Two Aspects of Life.

AFTER reading Major R. V. C. Bodley's interesting autobiography, "Indiscretions of a Young Man" (Shaylor. 15s.), I felt there ought to have been a sub-title somewhat in the manner of, "But I don't mean what *you* mean"! There are, for example, no adolescent revelations. There are not even any love-affairs. The author marries twice, but he only lets us into the secret with the brevity of a telegram dispatched by an Aberdonian. In fact, he is so persistently discreet about himself that his book is more like peeps through a keyhole into the world of Society and diplomacy (though, I grant you, the eye is superficially all-observing) than the autobiography of a youthful soul or even of a young body. His childhood, spent in France for the greater part, is merely a series of vivid sketches and brief pen-portraits. Eton, which seems to provide any old Etonian, in search after the sensational, with a whole volume of derogatory details, is actually romped through. Thereafter we emerge into the world of Society which likes to speak of itself with a big S. Here protrude the "indiscretions" of the title. For the author draws many a vivid picture of that world—the world which amuses itself for the most part by rushing here and there—travelling, eating, perpetually meeting each other *en masse décorative*. Some of the people thus met will probably consider that the middle of the Sahara desert, where the author now lives and works, is a very proper place for such as he. He had lived so long in Society that for him it had lost its glamour, and Society, especially military society, bridles immediately if its glamour be brought to an interrogation point. India, *surtout*, will reach somewhere near boiling-point. Naturally there are chapters describing the War, and perhaps they are as much a reflection of the whole useless, brutal, sordid, wretched business of War as is likely to be met with outside a frontline soldier's own disturbing memories. Then comes the greatest "indiscretion" of all—which is a brilliant picture of what went on behind the scenes at the Peace Conference in Paris. It leaves us with the uncomfortable feeling that not a single man or woman associated with it in either an official or purely social capacity was great enough in spiritual stature to tackle the job. But this is perhaps the most important as well as the most indiscreet portion of a book which is not only interesting, but remarkably easy to read. This last experience seems to have sickened Major Bodley of the kind of life he had so far led and the kind of people and their attitude towards life whom he had so far met. Becoming a bank sub-manager in Algiers he gradually drifts towards the Arab nomads, who live their wandering lives, sheep-rearing, on the edge of the desert. He adopted their dress, learned their language, associated with them until they accepted him as one of themselves. A rare experience for any white man. We leave him at last considering literature as a profession. Well, "Indiscretions of a Young Man" ought to achieve success, except that in these days it is so difficult to prophesy success to anyone other than a Chancellor of the Exchequer with a



MARGERY LAWRENCE (MRS. ARTHUR TOWLE)

With an engaging couple of Scottish friends. Margery Lawrence needs no introduction as a novelist, and her journalistic pen is also very polished. Mr. Arthur Towle's wife can make a good speech too and is never at a loss when called upon to address London's intelligentsia

by a female, there will always be somebody to deceive, be she only a kind of symbolical Mrs. Grundy. The modern novelist, male, loves a crowd and a crowd's cackle. The female spreads herself more in the intimacy of two. She changes her clothes often, but she seldom eats. The male demands champagne and at least one of those "unknown restaurants" where he can air his knowledge of gastronomy, while feeling that he is being completely understood when being allowed to talk relentlessly about himself and his work. In this way, Mr. Alec Waugh's new novel, "So Lovers Dream" (Cassell. 7s. 6d.), is triumphantly modern. The heroine is an elegant mixture of the illusive and the promiscuous. But she does understand food. She also understands a writer—and the hero is an author—so well that she has read everything he has written, reads everything he writes, and discusses his work while keeping him guessing regarding her ultimate attitude towards her husband. And

these two elbow their way towards intimacy through a gay crowd of the richer employables. Mr. Waugh can manipulate crowds marvellously well. In London, on the Riviera, in New York, he can so cleverly direct a throng and make it individually articulate, that to read his novel is rather like being at one of those parties of literary people where the crowd is small enough for everybody to join in the general conversation, without being so large that a few people withdraw into a corner to exchange intimacies to the accompaniment of a din. But though, personally, we don't get really to know the characters any more than we get to know people at a party, we nevertheless get quite intimate with their more superficial graces, or otherwise. But what I liked best, what indeed will send me back again to the book to read many pages of it twice, are the descriptions of places and the kind of people who inhabit them. These have little to do with the main theme at all, but nevertheless they are a series of brilliant interludes. For just as certain types inevitably verge towards an appropriate background, so the characters of the story are interesting to meet simply because they are so indubitably one with their surroundings. The result is a brilliantly executed cavalcade, untroubled in reality, except on the surface, by the sexual

(Continued on p. 536)

Friends

By RICHARD KING

tax-reduction complex. It is like a super-cinematograph film of the important world which is populated by so many self-important people, and presented by a producer who, drawing aloof from it, realizes that Truth is the greatest satirist after all and leaves it, so far as we are concerned, at that. Which is probably why most people, especially English people, hate satire. We prefer our glammers, and we are really not very particular if they be false.

One Aspect of Love.

I have read so many modern novels that I think I could guess instinctively if they were written by a male or a female without looking on the outside cover. Simply, indeed, by regarding their aspect towards love. If written by a man, the lovers will always be going to discover the best eating, not necessarily in the most well-known restaurants. If written



SIR PHILIP GIBBS, K.B.E.

Who recently brought out his forty-second book, "The Golden Years" (Hutchinson). Sir Philip is a hard worker, and has spent practically all his life writing and travelling. During the Great War he was war correspondent with the British Armies for three very strenuous years

A DOL(E)OROUS STROKE!

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



Distressed Charlady: They won't give my 'usband the dole any more, Miss
Mistress: Well he's been on since the commencement, hasn't he, Mrs. Green?
Charlady: That's wot 'e says, Miss. They've 'ad the best years of his life

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

troubles of the hero towards a beautiful, morally enigmatic heroine, and hers towards him. Alas! we do not much mind if indeed she be living what once used to be called a man's life and in a man's way. The world will still go on in spite of the fact that most women, when they take unto themselves a lover, seem to think that something ought to stop somewhere. There are no real heart-breaks in the novel on either side. Which, of course, robs love, as it used to be conceived in fiction, of its spiritual beauty, but undoubtedly is less disturbing to the digestion, and thus to ultimate happiness of the neighbourhood.

Thoughts from "So Lovers Dream."

"To whatever extent the world may change externally, a man retains as a back-ground the ideas to which he has been reared."

"No one will realize that writing's work. They don't think anyone works who hasn't an office to do it in."

"Why should one hanker after the approval of one's grandchildren? In a fast-changing world the best one can do is to tackle what lies to hand."

"Women are only interested in young men if they are radiantly handsome."

"People get told about the big prices authors get. They never realize how little they can get."

A Remarkable and Unusual Novel.

I sometimes wish that those who advocate the abolition of either capital punishment or the "cat" could have their nearest and dearest murdered under brutal circumstances or violated in circumstances equally revolting. The injustice of so much official justice is that the punishment is rarely tempered by the attitude of the criminal towards his victim. Murder, in England, anyway, is still murder, whether it be the well-laid trap to kill someone for gain or if it be done in a wild paroxysm of sexual jealousy. Yet a brutal assault on someone weak and defenceless is deserving of greater punishment than the battering of one strong man by another. To keep alive the *habitual* criminal, be he murderer or brutal thief, is not only a stupid bit of sentimentality but a crime against society, unless society be prepared to keep him under lock and key for all time and, while confined, at least to make him work for his keep. On the other hand, each crime should be judged purely on its individual demerits, and the circumstances of the crime, and the previous character of the criminal should temper justice so greatly at times that it would lead either to re-education or to immediate freedom. Or, peradventure, to the theme of Mr. Stephen McKenna's new novel, "Beyond Hell" (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.), which, laid around the nineteen forties, presupposes that Sunday Island in the Pacific is inhabited by relays of the worst criminals from every country in the world, as a means of mixing punishment with an assuagement of the public conscience which dreads either to kill a man or to imprison him for the best part of his life, since crime is too often matter for doctors than for judges. This theme provides Mr. McKenna with the subject for the best novel, I consider, he has ever written. It is unusual, exciting; it makes you think, and it is also the symbolical story of human

society wherever men and women are gathered together in order to govern themselves. And the moral of it is that, if ever Utopia be founded, something will have to be, surgically if need be, plucked out of human nature—that "something" which leads to revolt, insurrection, ambitious discontent, rivalry, jealousy; that "something" which now makes peace not only impossible in one small street, but in the world at large. The plot itself concerns the experiences of an elderly professor of political economy on this island, where criminals of all nations are dumped, whither he has been sent to make a report for the benefit of those nations who have consented to the experiment. With him goes his young secretary, a girl who is in love with a young doctor who had been sentenced and condemned for the murder of a rich, elderly man whom he believed to have been the girl's seducer. When the professor and his young secretary arrive the island is governed by a military authority. But the ways of military authority lead to revolt, to the murder of the governor, to the triumph of lawlessness, to the murder, ultimately, of the leading revolutionary; briefly, the whole chaos

in miniature of human affairs ever since human beings became so numerous that some kind of law and order had to be enforced. Add to this tumult the machinations of a religious fanatic, typical of every religion, who seeks to obtain power over men's minds and lives by fear of eternity. The title, "Beyond Hell," signifies that even in Hell agony lives hopefully on the hope of assuagement, whereas beyond Hell there is only a sense of uselessness, of frustration, of deadly mon-



NOT CRICKET

Victim: 'Ere, what's the game?
Player: Er—golf

otony, a platitudinous everyday which leaves men time to realize that nothing is happening, nothing can happen, all is ordered, and consequently achieving only futility. To say that the story is thrilling is to state its least unusual quality. Thrilling it undoubtedly is, but it is also a vivid picture of the consequences inherent to the sentimental dreams of those who, striving to order human society, forget the fact that man's "original sin" is not a moral one, but an ambition to rough-ride over his fellow-men for the glorification of himself and his ideas.

Quite a Good Story.

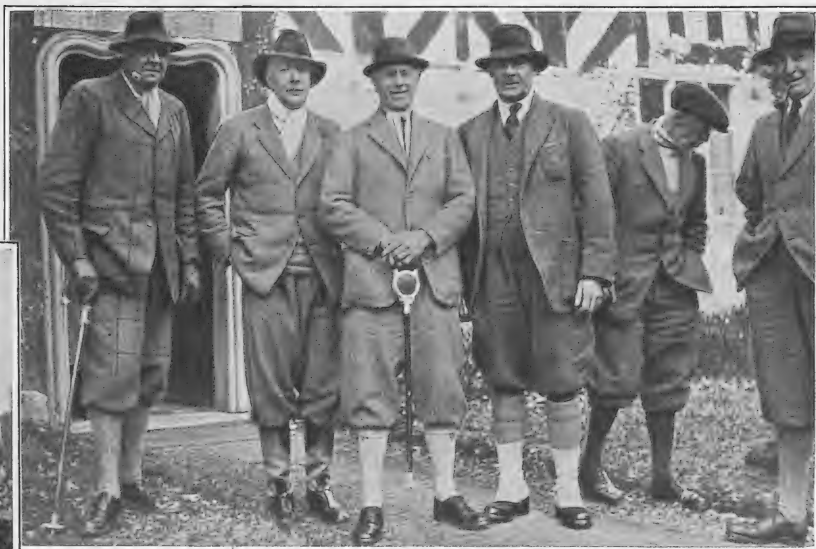
I shall take off my hat and bow to the heroine who first feels a romantic attachment towards a plumber. Up to now he has always been an artist or a poet; unless the author, greatly daring, makes him an actor. Mr. Walter S. Masterman in "The Tangle" (Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.) follows the tradition, however. His heroine, the daughter of a titled woman, dreams of romance and beauty in her association with a painter. She is a somewhat stridently modern young woman; which is to say that she is really very old-fashioned without the old-fashioned graces of reticence. Unfortunately, in order to save her mother from a conflict with the law, she marries a rich man so that the family situation may be saved. Then, of course, the fun begins. The story follows conventional courses, not, happily, the usually conventional manner. Thus Mr. Masterman has given us a novel which will pass anybody's time without more than a very few moments of boredom.

BIG GUNS AND A HUNT BALL

Social Doings in the Country



LADY DOROTHY ASHLEY-COOPER AND
THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER



AT WORLD'S END: THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S SHOOT

A group taken near Llangollen in North Wales, where the Duke and Duchess of Westminster have had a series of shooting parties this month. The host is seen second from the left; on his right is Captain St. George Clowes, and the other guns are Colonel Middleton, Lord Tweedmouth, Colonel Hunter, and Major Evans. Sir Joseph Laycock was shooting too, and the Duchess of Westminster, Lady Dorothy Ashley-Cooper, and Mrs. Reiss formed the "gallery." Captain Clowes has been one of the Duke's greatest friends ever since they were at Eton together.



SIR JOSEPH LAYCOCK AND MRS.
REISS, ALSO 'AT WORLD'S END

The North Staffordshire Hunt Ball, held shortly before Christmas at Trentham Hall, was a most excellent fixture, and the courage of the committee in carrying it through at a time when so many like entertainments have been cancelled in the name of economy was triumphantly rewarded. The presence of Lady Diana Cooper naturally added to the decorativeness of the occasion. More pictures of this event will be found on p. 560. The North Staffordshire have a lady M.F.H., Miss R. M. Harrison, who is very popular.



AT THE NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE HUNT BALL: Standing—Mr. Noel Wenger, Miss M. Wenger, Mrs. Mervyn Smith, Mr. Mervyn Smith, Mr. H. C. Wenger, Mr. J. Meakin, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Cocks, and Lieut.-Colonel T. L. Wenger. Included in front are Mr. Hawthorne, Lady Diana Cooper, Miss M. Arrowsmith, and Miss V. Wenger

From the Shires and Provinces

(continued from p. 532)

sportsmen who have taken the Compton Verney shoot are to be condoled with for being so troubled with the foxhunters on a Thursday. We got to the Kineton Coverts in the afternoon and ought to have had a hunt, but they were killing a fox when the good one went away. At 10 o'clock on Friday morning no one would have thought that hunting was possible—the fog was like a blanket, yet the sun was shining an hour later when we started off at Bitham. Rather a shortage of foxes again, but late in the evening one was killed in White's Bushes when we might have run. Everyone is delighted about the engagement; we wish them the best of luck.

From the Heythrop

When these notes appear in print the festive season will be over, and we take this opportunity of wishing our readers a very happy Christmas with a hope that in these lean times their *foies* will not become too *gras*.

On Monday only a moderate-sized field met hounds at Boulsters Barn, and it was pleasing to see our damaged débutante again mounted on the horse that did the nose-trick. Hounds were in killing form again, and in the course of the day they succeeded in doing the hat-trick by bowling three over without a run being made, but two nice runs were scored before the day ended, the final score being 2 runs for 5 wickets.

On Wednesday hounds met at Adderbury for a day in the Far East, when it was surprising to see such Westerners as the colonel and the chatelaine of Eyford. As for finding a fox, it was like milking the ram—it could not be done. Those who had put their horses in motor horse-boxes thought they had been put in the cart. However, all's well that ends well, as at 2.30 it was a fox that was up a tree and not us, and a very enjoyable hunt followed.

From the York and Ainsty

Lord Mountgarret having returned from his wedding tour, Hughie relinquishes the post of *locum tenens* (or should it be *chargé d'affaires*?) of the North pack. Let us hope his services will be duly recognized in the next birthday honours.

It seems comic that Sessay, at the northernmost point of the York and Ainsty country, should be hunted by the *South* pack, but so it is, and they made a pilgrimage there on Thursday, December 17. There was little scent, but we had a slow hunt of an hour towards Helperby. Very few people out; one remembers special trains with twenty horse-boxes in pre-War days; but nowadays the York and Middleton have so many more get-at-able meets than formerly.

This has to be sent off before Christmas and, at the moment, it looks like being a frosty one, which will be rough luck on the young male members of our newly-formed branch of the Pony Club.

From Lincolnshire

May sport in the New Year be as full of good things as it was up to Christmas. So far we have not had a single stop, which is much to be thankful for. The season has been wonderfully open and, if it continues, the kiddies home from school will have a good time during the holidays. And how well some of them ride. Scent has improved and all the county packs are now doing well.

Jim Welch, who came with such excellent credentials from the Cottessmore, has been showing his worth to Blankney followers. Some of his



WITH THE "H.H." LADY DIANA WELLESLEY
Hacking to meet these hounds at Chawton House, near Alton, on the day after they had their hunt ball. Lady Diana Wellesley is a half-sister of Lord Cowley. Her mother is Clare Lady Cowley

casts have been wonderful, and he never knows when to finish with a fox. Patience is, truly, a great virtue.

In the Brocklesby country sport has gone on as sweetly as the proverbial marriage bell. The day the pack met at Croxton was a topper. For two hours thirty-five minutes hounds were running in delightful fashion, and they must have crossed over twenty miles of country in the course of the gallop. They certainly changed once at Roxton Wood, but "Charles" was a perfect balloon when he reached and escaped in the big woods. Thus a 100 to 1 chance of a kill went a-begging. Twice, indiscreet motorists annoyingly intervened. When, it is wondered, will this nuisance come to an end?



ALSO WITH THE "H. H.": LADY CANTELUPE
AND MAJOR FOSTER

Taken on the same day as the picture at the top of the page. Lady Cantelupe married as her second husband Lieut-General Sir George Jeffreys, who formerly commanded the London District after having had a Division in the War. The late Lord Cantelupe was a son of the 7th Earl De La Warr

The Twelfth Annual Peter Pan Party will be held at Claridge's on Thursday, January 14, commencing at 3.45. The party is in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Special attractions will be Peter and Wendy, Captain Hook and his Pirates, Smee, Starkey and friends from *Peter Pan*, all of whom will come direct from the theatre. There will be prizes for the best costumes from *Peter Pan*, presents and carnival gifts for everybody. Claridge's band, kindly lent by the management, will be in attendance. Tickets, which include tea, are 10s. each, and for nurses accompanying children, 5s. These may be obtained from the Organizing Secretary, Byron House, 7, St. James' Street, S.W.1.

The Men of the Trees are holding their Twigs Christmas Party at the Imperial Institute, Exhibition Road, S.W.7, on January 15 at 3.30 p.m. Colonel Nangle will give an illustrated lecture on trees all over the world in the Jehanghir Hall. The aim of the Men of the Trees is "to develop a tree sense in every citizen and to encourage all to plant, protect and love trees everywhere." Entrance to the party is free for members; visitors, 1s. each.



Dorothy Widing, Old Bond Street

LADY DETERDING

Two recent portraits of the beautiful wife of Sir Henri Deterding, K.B.E., the well-known Director-General of the Royal Dutch Petroleum Company, a Director of the Asiatic Petroleum Company and of the Shell Transport and Trading Company. Before her marriage in 1924 Lady Deterding was Mlle. Lydia Pavlovna, and is a daughter of the late General Paul Kondayaroff of Taschkent, Turkestan. Sir Henri and Lady Deterding have a house in Park Lane, and Sir Henri's country seat is Buckhurst Park, Ascot



THE PASSING SHOWS



HARRIET BURNS HER BOATS—NEARLY

The untidy wife (Miss Gertrude Lawrence) consoles herself with her old flame from Chelsea (Mr. Kim Peacock). But, discretion being the better part of pique, she sends him empty away. He gets his own back later

THE leopard, it is agreed, cannot change his spots any more than a duck can desist from swimming, or a sow's ear turn into a silk purse. Mr. Ronald Jeans is concerned with the female of the species, and his conclusions, reached after numerous spots of domestic bother in the manner of *Private Lives*, are overwhelmingly in support of natural history. A woman can change her mind but not her disposition. Mr. Jeans has, I daresay, suffered in his day from the practical wisecracker who can take motor-cars to pieces, understand wireless sets, cope with electric light fuses, and generally assume the virtues of a superior being. He knows that Mr. Know-all is a handy thing for a wife to have about the house, like a plumber or a screw-driver, but that there are moments when the less orderly feminine mind revolts from efficiency.

In this piece, having an eye on the unpractical leopardness, in other words a nice fat part for Miss Gertrude Lawrence, he lets the practical leopard down rather lightly. In fact he loads the dice by making Harriet Noble, his period piece in the Chelsea manner, so hopelessly hugger-mugger that no ordinary man could share the same house with her for a month without breaking the crockery over her head—if he could find it. Harriet's habits in the home denoted the artistic temperament, but the best she could do was a Chelsea flat (with skylight) and an artist friend, Nicholas (Mr. Kim Peacock), whose intentions throughout appeared to be mainly dishonourable.

Act I discovers her hectic and chaotic, selling clothes to her friends. She has let the flat, to whom, at what rent, and from what date she has naturally forgotten, and the morrow is as wropt in indecision as the floor is littered with debris. Nick, with more temperament than sense, proposes starting at once for Bucharest, getting married there, and returning to England for a honeymoon—so much more original than reversing the process.

Harriet, who appears to love this amoral brigand of the bérêt and flannel trousers only when he kisses her with easy-going passion, can no more make up her mind on this problem than on any other. She shirks the issue and plays for time by clinging to the stranger that is within her gates. This is Richard Belfry (Mr. Ian Hunter) to whom, blissfully unconscious of the date, she has let the flat. The immediate response of Richard's practical male instincts to feminine incompetence

"Can the Leopard . . . ?" at the Haymarket Theatre

produces amusing business and witty lines. Mr. Jeans makes a shrewd point here. Every competent, level-headed, neat and tidy woman has ground her teeth with rage over the unfair advantage which the empty-headed ninny exercises over the opposite sex. This attraction of the strong for the weak is a paradox which leads hundreds of helpless, clinging women to the altar while their saner sisters join the procession as bridesmaids.

Richard checks the inventory, mends the electric light, writes business-like letters to the gas company, and even makes tea for three. Harriet weakly and willingly accepts these ministrations with allure, while Nick fumes angrily over the tea-cups at this literal-minded intruder who dissects his best epigram with the humourless logic of a plumber testing the drains, and describes his pictures as "an assortment of Edinburgh rock left out in the rain." Stung by this last gaffe Nick departs to find consolation elsewhere, and the plumber is left in possession of the spoils.

So far so good. Not so good as Mr. Jeans' last play, *Lean Harvest*, but a set-piece promising no lack of fireworks later. With Miss Lawrence to be supplied with her proper ration of explosive material the fireworks duly arrive. Act II (six



DOMESTIC INTERLUDE

The practical Richard (Mr. Ian Hunter) and the hugger-mugger Harriet (Miss Gertrude Lawrence) are reconciled, but the next tiff follows immediately

months later) touches them off. Richard and Harriet are married. Richard is still revelling in his superiority, Harriet is still mercurial and muddled. She has forgotten to order dinner for an important client, and the dining-room stove is out of order. They quarrel, dressing hectically at the same time. Richard bounces off angrily to the Savoy, and Nick arrives to console the injured Harriet. Kisses follow champagne and a tête-à-tête supper, and Nick expounds his philosophy, a simple, fleshly thing of physical attraction and unblushing promiscuity. Harriet warms, weakens—and turns him down. Richard returns too late to make any discoveries

(we were waiting for that) and the act looks like ending, almost tamely, in kisses of reconciliation. But the revue-writer's sudden punch and the unexpected sting in the tail, and Mr. Jeans obliges with a fire in Harriet's bedroom (her own fault) and another flare-up outside it. This bedroom, by the way, opens into the drawing-room as in *Flat to Let*, a peculiarity on which Richard, as an architect, did not comment.

The threads of this second act seem loosely woven in places and not very robust in others, but taking it all round the pattern holds together, albeit by a series of spasmodic "twists." Act III discloses a reformed Leopards — all efficiency after lessons in cookery and



SAME STORY—DIFFERENT ANSWER

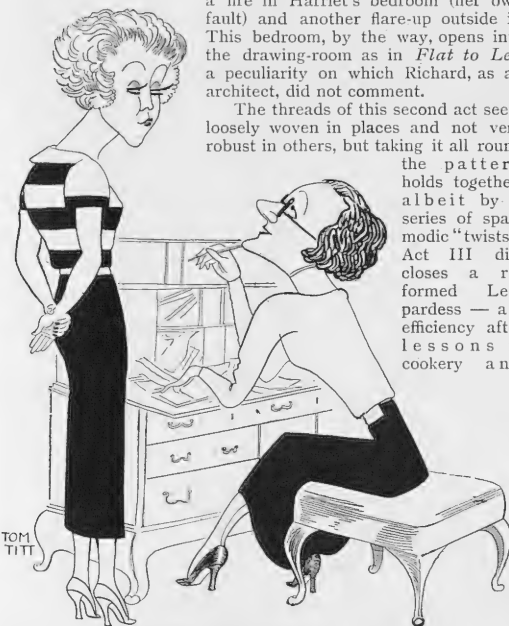
Harriet (Miss Gertrude Lawrence) in a fit of jealousy summons her old flame (Mr. Kim Peacock) to a second adventure in dinner and dalliance. This time it is the man's turn to sheer off

hardly ever off the stage. She runs through every gamut of her technique with feverish, fluent execution. Her moods and mannerisms—those telling inflexions, those eloquent glances, those touches of bravura which are part and parcel of her volatile charm and versatility—are as provoking and personal as the golden streak in her bonny brown hair. They call it, I believe, the "Riviera bleach." The anxiety of a first-night is an invitation to force the pace. Miss Lawrence did force it, I thought, now and then, but always with ample reserves in hand. Here and there the ice was thin, and it was a case of full steam ahead. Even for our most electric comedy actress this pyrotechnic display was something out of the ordinary.

Mr. Ian Hunter is the happiest choice as Richard; Miss Kay Hammond mooches, whines, and sulks with charming fluffiness; Mr. Kim Peacock is very much at home as the artist, and Miss Kathleen Harrison is again gloriously inarticulate as a dithering domestic.

A set-piece with many good bangs and only an occasional lull. You can see the framework through the squibs and sparks if you look closely; but when the Big Noise is Miss Gertrude Lawrence, what of it?

"TRINCULO."



SPEED THE PARTING GUEST

Harriet (Miss Lawrence), outwardly reformed into an efficient house-keeper, grows tired and jealous of the clinging Daphne (Miss Kay Hammond), another bundle of helplessness, who has been hanging about the house for three weeks

what not—and a jealous one. Richard again dashes out to dinner, this time as escort to a departing guest (Miss Kay Hammond), whom Harriet has speeded to Tonbridge on the wrong train.

Harriet summons Nick to resume post-prandial relations but falls into an obvious trap. Once snubbed twice shy. Nick turns her down. Richard returns to be met with tears and a pile of unpaid bills—the efficiency pose was a whitened sepulchre—and settles down happily and forgivingly to straighten things out, content that Harriet shall revert to her old self. For Miss Gertrude Lawrence the play is almost a solo. She is



PREPARED TO SHED THEM NOW . . .

Harriet throws off all pretences of efficiency, produces stacks of unpaid bills and is clasped, all forgiven, to Richard's efficient bosom. Thus the ivy is restored once more to the oak. Query—for how long?



BRIGITTE HELM IN THE NEW BRITISH FILM, "RHAPSODY"

Fred Daniels

The famous little German film star is in the new British super talkie with plenty of music attached, and the title of which is "Rhapsody," and it is being made by the British and Dominion Film Corporation, Ltd., at Elstree, and directed by Mr. Herbert Wilcox. Brigitte Helm first came into prominence in "Metropolis," which Fritz Lang directed. She played the lead without any previous film experience.

AT A RECENT STEEPLE-CHASING MEETING:
MISS SUMMAT AND MRS. JOHN PLAYERIN THE ISLE OF WIGHT: LORD AND
LADY JELlicoeAT SUNNINGHILL: PRINCESS ASPASIA
OF GREECE AND HER DAUGHTER

Going racing during the Xmas Week has been far from unpleasant, as the weather has been very kind to us. Miss Summat, who is in the snapshot with Mrs. John Player, is popularly known to her many friends as "Smut." Mr. John Player has a most attractive house and estate not far from Nottingham and Bingham. The snapshot of Lord and Lady Jellicoe is the first taken since the famous admiral's recent severe illness, and was done in the grounds of St. Lawrence, Lord Jellicoe's house in the Isle of Wight. The Princess Aspasia of Greece and her daughter, the Princess Alexandra, were staying with Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. J. N. Horlick at their charming house, Little Paddocks, Sunninghill, Berks. Colonel Horlick is a brother of Sir Ernest Horlick, Bt.

*Yvonde, Victoria Street*

MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT (MRS. CECIL RAMAGE) AND HER CHILDREN

A new portrait of one of London's leading dramatic actresses, with her son Mark and her daughter Jennifer, who evidently has ideas of her own about posing. Cathleen Nesbitt is now playing in "The Case of the Frightened Lady" at Wyndham's Theatre, and gives a marvellous performance as the scheming Lady Lebanon, to whom family means everything and humanity nothing. Miss Nesbitt's list of stage triumphs is too long to detail. Perhaps her most brilliant achievement was as Yasmin in "Hassan." She had an almost equally big success as the vacillating mother in the revival of "The Bill of Divorcement," and no one who saw her as "Mother Goddam" in the Sunday night performance of "The Shanghai Gesture" (which the Censor refused to license) will forget her horribly realistic rendering of this sinister character. In private life she is the wife of Captain Cecil Ramage, a Barrister of the Middle Temple and an ex-M.P.

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

TRÈS CHER,—This is the first winter that we have had any decent ice skating in Paris. Till now we had to be content with the dear, absurd Palais de Glace, the small, circular rink in the Champs-Élysées, which was all very well for figure skaters but apt to give the straight-on-and-mind-your-step inexpert the feeling of running around after his or her tail. It is still patronized, from force of habit, by the sentimental minded who recall how, in the dear, dull days before the War, the Palais de Glace was the rendezvous of the *Monde* and *demi-monde* and, on that account, somewhat thrilling—for the *Monde*! It was there that Polaire, Liane de Lancy, and Gaby de Naval used to waltz to the languorous music of Rodolphe Berger, held at arm's length (only in those days it seemed like a close embrace) by their attendant cavaliers, their short (ankle length) umbrella-shaped skirts of bottle-green, turquoise blue, or pearl grey velvet swirling out to reveal billowing *dessous* of kilted *mousseline de soie* of contrasting, vivid colours. The *Monde*, of course (the feminine element!) looked down its nose at these damsels and wore discreet costumes of more sombre hue, but all wore high boots laced almost up to the knee . . . not that one ever really saw where they ended, since the knee was most jealously hidden from public gaze in those days.

Now we have Jeff Dickson's big rink at the Palais des Sports as well as the open-air track at the Molitor swimming baths at Auteuil. There are no fine sartorial distinctions; all skirts are as brief as a modern love-letter, and skating boots are sawn-off affairs, cut short, most unbecomingly, just above the ankle. Yesterday afternoon there was a great to-do at the Molitor. An Ice Fête, organized by the Union des Artistes to raise funds for theatrical charities that so badly need funds in these *temps de crise*! It was a beautiful afternoon, with just the right hint of snow in the air, and the proper amount of sunshine to counterbalance it, and make one feel that a winter afternoon can be very pleasant,



FLORENCE AND ALVAREZ

Murant

"Miss Florence" actually dancing with Alvarez at the Embassy Club in Paris is an ex-Hoffman girl. The most beautiful of the troupe that came over to Paris a few seasons ago, she was then known as Florence Kolinsky. She has had many successes since in New York with the Ziegfeld Follies, and in France at the Casino de Paris. Now she has changed her style (she was a solo dancer), and is making another tremendous hit with her partner, Alvarez, this time at the Embassy

even in our sad climes. All the theatrical world gathered on the ice, and all their admirers thronged the *pourtours* and galleries outside the bathing-cabins that rise, in three tiers, around the open-air bathing-pool which has been frozen over. A few professional skaters "kindly obliged" too; many were the theatrical stars, such as Suzette O'Nil, Renée Devilder, Maude Burgane, and Diana, who had never had a pair of skates on their feet before three weeks ago, and yet put up a good show, figure skating and so on.



MADAME YVETTE GUILBERT

Manuel

Who has informed a Paris evening newspaper that she attributes her youthful appearance to a course of laughing exercises. She laughs steadily, in fact, for two hours every day. The newspaper asks whether it be really worth while, which, of course, is rather a silly question

Dranem, the famous comedian and founder of the Home for Aged Members of the Profession at Ris Orangis, told me that his wife, Suzette O'Nil, was black and blue from head to foot, but no one would have guessed it to see her skimming over the ice and pirouetting to a graceful halt, on tip-toes, after her exhibition with Quinaud the dancer, who is as graceful on skates as he is behind the footlights. Under her masses of yellow curls Diana was hiding a long scalp wound, the result of a toss she had taken during the last rehearsal, and Devilder's knee was tightly bandaged under her silk tights. Jolly plucky of 'em all, sez I, and the audience echoed my sentiments. "Miss Florence" and her partner, Alvarez, were there also . . . but not on the ice. They have only just returned from the Palais de la Méditerranée, at Nice, where they scored a tremendous success and had had no time to prepare for the Ice Fête; they are to dance, however, at the Bal des Petits Lits Blancs in February which is, of course, the great charity function of the year. "Miss Florence," you remember, is the beautiful Hoffman girl who made such a hit in Paris as the Queen of Sheba at the Moulin Rouge, and she has since played at the Casino de Paris.

Alice Delysia was one of the members of the jury, of which the foreman was André de Fouquières, at the Molitor Ice Fête. She tells me she is suffering from writer's cramp at the moment, for she has been persuaded to write her *mémoires*. . . . I suggested an amanuensis or a type-writer, but Alice believes that if one wants a thing well done . . . Van Dongen was there also to pass judgment, but he put in most of his time making amusing sketches; his "manner," however, is not to the taste of all, and one young chocolate-box-beauty, all unconscious of the honour done her, said that she "hated to be caricatured"! M. Citroën, who had his young daughter with him, was greatly concerned with getting a foot-warmer for the child, and Maurice Dekobra, looking particularly sardonic, was muffled up with rugs till he resembled Bibendum rather than the *débonnaire* writer of best-sellers that he is supposed (rightly) to be. However, everybody was happy, so it is to be hoped nobody caught cold, and anyway, if they did, it was all in the cause of charity! With love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.

FILMS—FORWARD!



CONSTANCE BENNETT (THE MARQUISE DE LA FALAISE)



ANITA PAGE AND CALIFORNIAN HAT AND GUITAR



FAY WRAY AND RICHARD ARLEN IN "THE CONQUERING HORDE"

Beautiful Constance Bennett, whose weekly salary is about the size of a King's ransom in the times of Cœur de Lion, was formerly Mrs. William Plant, and is now the new Marquise de la Falaise, having married Gloria Swanson's husband more or less recently. Her latest film is entitled "Bought," and is a Pathé talkie. Anita Page's real name is Anita Pomara. She is a blonde with Eton blue eyes, and when the picture was taken this twenty-year-old star was having an off time, guitar playing in California. Fay Wray and Richard Arlen are in the final scene of a film called "The Conquering Horde." Fay Wray is a Canadian, and was originally on the stage till Von Stroheim discovered her for the films. Lillian Bond is English, and the knife stuff she is seen doing comes into a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer apache film. She has also been recently in a film called "Shipmates," also for M.G.M.



"HAVE HIS BLOOD!"—LILLIAN BOND IN AN APACHE SCENE

COCKTAIL TIME IN MAYFAIR

Madame de Peña Throws a Party



SOME OF THE GUESTS: A group including Miss Nancy and Miss Baba Beaton, Lady Phyllis Allen, Lady Seafeld, Mr. Terry Weldon, Mr. Studley Herbert, Mr. John Hopwood, Mr. Wisard, and Mr. Bill Hordern



MR. DALE BOURN AND LADY BRIDGETT POULETT



WITH THEIR HOSTESS: Miss Margaret Whigham, Mr. Ralph Cobbold, Mr. Edward Tatham, Mr. R. Colclough and A. N. Other

Madame de Peña's cocktail party, given at her house in Charles Street a few hours before the Midnight Ballet Party, was thoroughly approved of, and, on this particular evening at any rate, there were no signs of any deep depression over Mayfair. Miss Whigham features at all the gayest gatherings, Mr. Tatham is splendid company too, and Mr. Rex Colclough's wife is one of the prettiest in London. Mr. Terry Weldon did his best to come incognito to this party, but even a false nose and Harry Tate moustache were inadequate disguises. Miss Baba and Miss Nancy Beaton were two of the many charming young persons selling programmes at the Midnight Ballet Party



A CLOSE-UP BY THE FIRE

Another group of guests at Madame de Peña's cocktail party featuring Lord Poulett, Mrs. Peter Horlick, the Hon. Hamish St. Clair-Erskine, and Mrs. Carter Campbell. Mrs. Peter Horlick, Sir Ernest Horlick's daughter-in-law, was Miss Rosemary Nicholl until the end of October, and is a most entertaining member of Society. Mr. Hamish Erskine, Lord Rosslyn's son, can also be depended upon to add to the hilarity of a party

Photographs by Arthur Owen

JUST WE SIX

Madame de Peña (the hostess) with Mrs. Richard Herbert, Mrs. Adolphe Menjou, Lord Donegall, Mr. Derek Blyth, and Sir Robert Throckmorton. Mrs. Menjou and her husband, who is now busy making British films, are having a big social success during their visit to England. Sir Robert Throckmorton is one of Warwickshire's popular young men. Mr. Dale Bourn, who is seen with Lord Poulett's lovely sister, is a golfer of great repute, and won the English Amateur Championship last year



Look at 'em! Out all
day & not killed once!

Why! I got three
before breakfast



One or two more,
- oddments -
later on, and



I'll have another
before they get back
to kennels!



C. Ambler.

GOOD HUNTING!

By C. Ambler



THIS ENGLAND—ELEVENSES A

This picture shows the old inn at Snape, in Suffolk, at



"YE PLOUGH AND SAIL"

By T. C. Dugdale

hour when land and watermen seek refreshment

OLD SONGS EXPLAINED

By Treyer Evans



Champagne Charlie was his name because his father was a sea captain and named him in a sea-faring way



Just a Song at Twilight, and Why the Lights were Low (and why the flickering shadows came and then went)



Scottish gentleman "going through the Rye," as he feared that "Gin a Body" meant drinks all round



Why the 7th Royal Fusiliers fought

PRE-CHRISTMAS ACTIVITIES

At Richmond and Grosvenor House



FURTHER MEMBERS OF THE RICHMOND ICE RINK SUNDAY CLUB: MR. AND MRS. MAGWOOD AND THEIR SON

AT THE RICHMOND ICE RINK: MRS. SELIGMAN, MR. BASIL WILLIAMS, AND MRS. NETHERCOAT; (right) MAJOR "PETER" PATTON, MRS. FLORENCE KILPATRICK, AND HER DAUGHTER, MISS DORA KILPATRICK

The Richmond Ice Rink Sunday Club was formed this year and is a most flourishing concern, its members, some of whom appear in these three top pictures, including many very well-known skaters. Mr. Basil Williams, for instance, formerly held the British amateur skating championship and is a gold medalist. Major Patton has been a familiar figure on Swiss ice for many years, but this winter, of course, patriotism is keeping him in England. Mr. J. C. P. Magwood, who captains the British national ice hockey team, is also honorary secretary of the British Ice Hockey Association. Mrs. Florence Kilpatrick, the noted novelist, is a most enthusiastic skater, and her young daughter shares her keenness for this super-graceful sport



AT THE GOLF BALL: MISS WETHERED, WITH MAJOR HUTCHINSON AND MRS. WALTER PAYNE: (left) MR. AND MRS. REX HARTLEY, MRS. CRITCHLEY, AND MR. LISTER HARTLEY



The Golf Ball, held at Grosvenor House in aid of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, was further proof, if proof were needed, that golfers are very generous people, for they came in their hundreds to help-raise money for this good cause. Miss Diana Fishwick was one of the hon. secretaries, and most of the other "tigers" (of both sexes) were present, too. Miss Joyce Wethered brought her fiancé, Major Hutchinson, and appeared to enjoy herself very much. Mrs. Walter Payne, as usual, looked exceedingly decorative, and a strong contingent of Hartleys helped to make things go with a swing. The Embassy band was in attendance

MOVIE STARS TURN POLO FANS IN CALIFORNIA



ALL AT SANTA MONICA: DOROTHY JORDAN AND DONALD DILLOWAY



CAROLE LOMBARD AND WILLIAM POWELL



CONSTANCE BENNETT AND THE MARQUIS DE LA PALAISE (HER HUSBAND)



MARY BRIAN AND RUSSELL GLEASON



THELMA TODD



MARION NIXON AND HOOT GIBSON



MR. AND MRS. RICHARD BARTHELMESS

It is not surprising to find movie stars keen on one of the quickest-moving games in the world—polo, and these snapshots of film celebrities, whom all the world knows, were taken at the Santa Monica polo ground, California, when a Mexico City team beat the Californian team skippered by Eric Pedley, the brilliant American International crack, by 11 to 10 after a real needle fight. Constance Bennett's picture also appears in another page in this issue. Her newest film, "Bought," has not been treated very kindly by the critics, but is not all that they say. Mrs. Richard Barthelmess was Mary Hay and met her distinguished husband "on the set," as may be said. Hoot Gibson is the famous cowboy cinema star. It is good news to hear that Tom Mix, his "opposite number," is going to recover. He has been desperately ill. It would be a bad day for all the younger film fans if either of these gentlemen were reported "missing."



HOMEWARD-BOUND

One of the prize-winning studies at the recent exhibition at the Budapest Salon

By Jenő Dulovits

A Rugby Letter : By "HARLEQUIN"



THE YORKSHIRE COUNTY XV AND OFFICIALS

The team which beat Cumberland 30 points to 5 at Otley in the recent County Championship tie

The names in the group are: At the back—D. Duncan, the President; Back row—E. Sykes, P. C. Slater, K. Holden, N. McGrath, H. Wilkinson (captain), J. Knox, G. Blatchford, E. J. Halley (referee), S. Stringer, L. A. Booth; sitting—D. Bradley, W. G. M. Bonner, L. L. Bedford, R. Bolton, F. Williams, F. W. S. Malir, W. L. Stansfield

Bacon, Leeds

NEXT Saturday, at Twickenham, is dedicated to the long-anticipated match between England and the South Africans. This is the third time of asking; twenty-five years ago England drew with Paul Roos's team at the Crystal Palace, a venue which has a quaint sound nowadays; and on January 4, 1913, "Billy" Millar's side won at Twickenham by 2 penalty goals and a try to a try. So it is quite time that England put a victory on the records.

Can our men do the trick on Saturday? That remains to be seen, but it is certain that if England does win a good many people will be surprised. Yet there is no real reason why they should be, for this South African team, successful though it has been, is not one of the great sides of history. No one qualified to judge could, for example, imagine them beating Gallaher's famous All Blacks of 1905-06, or even the more recent side of 1924. But they have caught us in what promises to be a lean season, and so we may suffer accordingly.

At the moment of writing the English captain has not been appointed, and the fact that it is rather difficult even to hazard a guess at his identity tells its own tale. We have no outstanding personality, no Poulton, no Davies, no Wakefield. Any one of these three would be invaluable, and how interesting it would be to see Davies at work with the South African forwards. How many times did "Dave" wear down the opposing pack, until at last a despairing Scottish captain burst forth with "We shall never beat you whilst Davies is playing." And they never did!

A few of those long, raking touchfinders from the old Navy skipper or from H. C. Laird would be invaluable on Saturday, for it is not in human nature to run, with no actual result, up and down the field for very long at a time. Unfortunately, however, the balance of kicking ability seems to be with the visitors, and it may be our men who will have to trail about the field until they are tired out. That B. Osler will do his best in this direction is certain, and his best is pretty good. And again, unfortunately, we do not appear to have any forwards who break up quickly enough to spoil his efforts.

One can imagine the England pack receiving instructions and advice from those past-masters of forward play, Captain E. W. Roberts and Mr. John Daniell. They will be impressed with the necessity of quick breaking and hard tackling, no half stopping a man and letting him go on again. They will be warned against the blind side try, and MacDonald's patent device when the scrummage is well in our twenty-five. How Periton, only a year or two ago, would have enjoyed circumventing that move. But even Joe would have had to have someone to help him, for that is the essence of the whole thing.

Nothing has yet transpired to make us think that England will alter her now time-honoured scrum formation of 3—2—3. Yet it is quite possible that in the near future some change will have to be made. Many authorities have never quite believed in the superiority of 3—2—3 to 3—3—2, but we need not pause over that now, for the most likely change is in favour of 3—4—1, which you will see the Africans exploiting next Saturday. Certainly it seems better adapted for heeling purposes, for there is no back row to hold up the ball, as so often happens nowadays. And as for shoving, there is no reason why it

should not be as effective as either of the other methods.

One consideration that goes to make the change possible is that really quick-breaking forwards of the Voyce and Pillman type do not exist, or if they do they are carefully concealed in the mists of second-class football.

The County Championship has now reached an interesting stage. Hampshire has secured the honours in the south-eastern group, thanks mainly to the prowess of the United Services players from Portsmouth. The Eastern Counties may be congratulated on defeating both Surrey and Middlesex. The latter's team, beaten at Richmond before Christmas, was full of well-known names whose owners almost without exception signally failed to justify their reputations. J. B. Chapman, the Richmond centre, certainly worked hard, and if his hands were safer he would be a very useful player. And J. Bradford, the Rosslyn Park full-back, was worthy of better support.



THE CUMBERLAND COUNTY XV AND OFFICIALS

The team which met Yorkshire (seen above) in the County Championship and suffered a decisive defeat by 30 to 5

The names in the group are: Back row—R. J. Hanvey (selector), J. Routledge (Silloth), N. Hewitson (Aspatia), E. J. H. Burnett (Carlisle), A. Blakeley (Carlisle), T. E. Fitt (Carlisle), R. Messenger (Silloth); middle row—A. Smith (selector), E. Ramsay (selector), J. Harley (Aspatia), J. H. Turner (Cockermouth), H. Martindale (Manchester University), W. R. Bond (Moresby), J. C. Morris (Kendal); front row—T. R. Garrigan (hon. sec.), W. C. Kyle (Carlisle), G. H. Valentine (Workington), S. A. Martindale (Kendal, captain), T. Stephenson (Carlisle), C. O. Brigg (Birkenhead Park), G. Cavaghan (Carlisle), T. H. Hodgkinson (President)

Bacon, Leeds



"Now," said Mr. Jorrock, smacking his lips, "that's what I call real prime stuff. Dash my vig, Mr. Walker, what a friend you are to a man!"

JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820—Still Going Strong

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

TWO men met after a long interval, and one congratulated the other upon his recent marriage.

"I have heard very nice things said about your wife," he said. "They say she is an excellent and accomplished wife."

The newly-married man nodded. "I have indeed," he replied. "Why, she's at home in music, she's at home in art, she's at home in books, she's at home in science; in short, she's at home everywhere, except —"

"Except what?" came the inquiry.

"Except at home," replied the other sadly.

A man called at a house-agent's office and said that he wanted a house in an isolated position—at least five miles from any other house.

"I see," said the house-agent with an understanding smile, "you want to practise the simple life?"

"No," answered the house-hunter grimly, "I want to practise the cornet."

Jock was very thirsty, but he had only a penny in his pocket at the moment. Suddenly an idea came to him.

"Excuse me, sir," he said to one of the other occupants of the bar, who had just been handed a glass of beer, "but would you like to see a little trick?"

The man nodded.

"Very well," said Jock, "I'll bet you a penny I can drink that glass of bitter without you seeing me."

The other man laughed.

"Go on, then, do it," he challenged.

The Scot proceeded to drain the glass.

"There you are," he said at last, "I've done it."

"But man alive," cried the man, "I saw you do it."

"That's right," replied Jock, "you win. Here's the penny."

A countryman on holiday in London went to the Zoo, and for the first time in his life saw an elephant. The animal happened to be in a bad humour that morning, and seizing the yokel by his trunk, slung him several yards away, where he landed in a heap. The man rose slowly, rubbed his injured parts, and said, glaring at the beast: "You girt big devil! If I knew which end was your tail, I'd give 'ee such a kick."

A gentleman whose sobriety was temporarily suspended was attracted by a band of street musicians, to one of whom he said: "What's that you're playing?"

The bandsman answered abruptly, "Euphonium."

"Oh, all right, I will," said the drunken one. "What's his number?"



Eric Gray

MISS URSULA JEANS—AND BODYGUARD

Miss Ursula Jeans, who is at present playing the part of Flammchen in "Grand Hotel" at the Adelphi Theatre, will be seen to-morrow night at the Chelsea Arts Club Ball in a remarkable dress with some still more remarkable head-gear. The main theme of the ball is "Fifty Years Hence," and so everyone will have to be very futuristic

A young commercial traveller set out for the first time to get orders in the West of England. At Plymouth he met an old commercial traveller, who asked how he had got on.

"Badly," he replied. "I was insulted at nearly every place I visited."

"That's strange," said the other. "I've been on the road forty years, I've had my samples flung into the street, I've been taken by the scruff of the neck and pitched downstairs. I don't deny that I've been rolled in the gutter, but insulted—never!"

"What's happened, George?" she asked her husband, who had got out of the car to investigate.

"Puncture," he said, briefly.

"You ought to have been on the look-out for this," was the helpful remark. "You remember the guide warned you that there was a fork in the road."

A story about a Scotsman: He found a packet of cornplasters in the street and went straight off to buy himself a pair of tight boots.

The vicar met the village reprobate wandering slowly in the churchyard.

"William," he said, "it is indeed a hopeful sign to observe you so often in this sequestered and contemplative spot where, doubtless, you will meet with some spiritual consolation."

William blinked. "Well no, sir. To tell you the truth I usually meets the bookie's runner 'ere."



FOR THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL: MISS PATRICIA O'HARA

In the party frock and head-dress she will wear to-morrow night at the Chelsea Arts Ball, where people will bring the New Year in garbed in clothes of 1982 as they think they may be. The Chelsea Arts Ball is always one of the best frolics of two years!

WINTER and SPRING in MOROCCO



The Walls of Salé and the famous Corsaire Gate.

IN the past, Salé was a city forbidden to non-Mussulmans; to-day foreigners are received with cordiality and offered all the charm of a historic past when Barbary pirates were the masters of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, the scourge of the merchantmen.

It was to Salé that these buccaneers brought back their prizes. Here on this very market-place they sold their Christian captives into slavery. One of the gates giving access to the city, between hedges of cactus and Barbary fig, is still called the Gate of the Corsaires.

Salé has kept its mediæval character intact.

The Souks are among the most interesting in the whole of Northern Africa.

On entering this curious city the traveller is taken back, as in a dream, on a visit to the past.

**A FINE SELECTION WITH
A GOOD RECEPTION**





WITH THE H.B.D.H.: MRS. ALAN SWINTON

Wife of Major Alan Swinton, Scots Guards, with their famous aniseed and otherwise dogs the day they met at the Hind's Head Inn, Bray, not far from Maidenhead

WHAT between Old Moore's sudden burst of optimism, and Dean Inge's refreshing ideas about remodeling a world, in which, I gather, book reviewers would cease to exist, plus this very definite campaign against a gentleman called "The Muckle-Horned Clookie," which has been organized by the pious inhabitants of Mont St. Michel, we should be a duck-hearted lot if we did not lift up our countenances and turn them towards the sun. This St. Michel crusade is the brightest idea which has happened for many centuries, and it is related in the outline of the general tactical scheme that the chief ammunition is a million copies of an exorcism which was launched several decades ago by Pope Leo XIII against "the tyranny of infernal spirits, their snares, and their furious wickedness."

Anyone who has ventured to suggest that the Gentleman in Question went out of business about the times of the Crusades, has drawn down upon himself the scorn and contumely of The Bright, and Otherwise, Young, and it is not, therefore, very surprising that the Maligned One should be a bit fed up and decide to "larn" them. He has been pretty hard at work since 1914 to the time when this country went off the Gold Standard, and unless some one brings him up with a short round turn, there is no knowing exactly what he may not do next. Some think that he has another war up his sleeve; some others that he will harness the atom and blow the world to dust and cinders. Anyway, I think everyone ought to sit up and take notice of the lead St. Michel has given us, and also take a course of the poems of Thomas Ingoldsbys, and especially commit to memory the "Lay of St. Cuthbert," in which all the principal members of Old Nick's Cabinet or General Staff are carefully enumerated, from Madame Astarte, Morbleu (a French devil), Davy Jones of Tredegar (a Welsher), down to Setebos and Mephistopheles. It is high time that we recognize the fact that if we do not get a gait on and not continue just to muddle through where Hades is concerned, there will be the Devil to Pay!

Anyway, to-morrow we say good-bye to one person whom we never shall see again—Mr. 1931—and it is quite appropriate to speak of him as a number, for he stands convicted of having undone all the things he should have done up, and done in all the things he should not have done. On top of all the financial

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

trouble to which he has introduced us, there is a long count of other things in the indictment. He eliminated summer, wrecked the polo and the cricket, and his behaviour at Wimbledon may have been a contributory cause towards the naughty behaviour of some of those very attractive young things against whom the L.T.A. has levelled an accusation—glaring at umpires and so forth and so on. Enough to put anyone out of temper the way No. 1931 behaved. Later this criminal did his best to make racin' and chasin' and huntin' and shootin' and fishin' abominable pursuits, and almost deserving of all or any of the gibes of the gentry in *Tantivy Towers*. In fact, in the elliptic language in which those gentlemen talk, we have no regrets in kickin' this person out and slammin' the door on him and hopin' that the next man in will be at any rate a bit better. No. 1932 cannot well be worse.

Reverting to a note about polo happenings in Cannes which I put in this page the other day, a friend of a friend who is on the spot writes to me backing up my suggestion about Cannes as a possible winter play-ground for the next Inter-national team. He says:—

This would be an absolutely ideal place for the International team to put in their preliminary practice next winter. The grounds are good, and if only somebody could make up their minds in time a third ground would very quickly be forthcoming. It is there in skeleton and at very little cost could be made into something extra good. That would give them three grounds and ample schooling and knock-about space for all weathers. We averaged over three-and-a-half-days a week, last season and when we knocked off about April 15 the grounds were at their best with the Spring growth coming strong.

As far as the popularity of France goes the people who come here need not be afraid that they are "boosting" a French club. The Cannes polo club, though affiliated to 'Fédération de Polo,' is, and always has been, a very English affair. Johnny de Madre arrived the night before last having motored down from Paris in two days, which is not bad for a man of his age; but not content with that after a bath and a change, he went straight off out to fix up stabling and everything for his ponies arriving the next morning! Pretty good for the old Tiger.



ALSO WITH THE H.B.D.H.: LADY STANIER

A snap taken the same day as the one above and the one of the Master (below), whose sister Lady Stanier is. Lady Stanier was formerly Miss Dorothy Miller, and is the wife of Sir Alexander Stanier, Welsh Guards



CAPTAIN ALASTAIR MILLER, THE MASTER OF THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE DRAG

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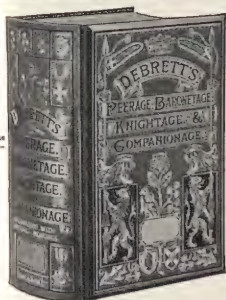
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PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON

What About It?

TO use the phrase of those marvellous motoring correspondents of daily "newspapers" (of whom, I can assure you, I am much more envious than jealous), I am now able to reveal something. The mere thought of having a revelation under my control makes me go all tingley-tingley, like looking through the keyhole of the bath-room door. The mere knowledge that I am in possession of information that other people may not have got puts me into a regular doo-dah—but what's the use? THE TATLER can't be run off on a rotary printing machine, otherwise those charming ladies in the advertisement sections would not come out so well—hence it is that what might have been a wonderful journalistic scoop on my part will turn out to be stale news. Nevertheless, we will have at it, for it is too good to be ignored. The Hillman Motor Company (or it may be, some of the intelligentsia that W. E. and R. C. Rootes have gathered round them at Devonshire House) have devised a quite new scheme. I am not quite sure whether its object is to provide otherwise unobtainable information to the organizers, or to furnish the motoring public with a new or fascinating form of competition. Whatever may be the former issue, the latter, at all events, will be served. I am glad to know that owners and potential owners (we all like the idea of a car for nothing) will be induced to think, for my correspondence of late has rather suggested that ratiocination has fallen, doncherknow, into desuetude, if you gather what I mean. But such dismal thoughts must not be allowed to obtrude themselves at this jubilant season of the year, when even Victory House officials are, with their minds far, far away dropping decimal points and neglecting odd halfpence. Of course they are still preparing a nasty little Jack-in-the-Box for all of us, but how nice if that effect could be cancelled out by the receipt of (i) a Hillman Wizard or (ii) a Hillman Minx, absolutely for nix, gratis, free, and for nothing. Naturally you have to do something to ensure that either of these cars is driven up to your door, all a-blowin' and a-growin', but it is so absurdly little that I can scarce bring myself to mention it. I suppose in our time we have all marked an examination paper. That is the broad, bright, central idea to which you have to cotton. Now somebody carefully made out an examination paper, quoting in it the various qualities by which a car should be judged, and awarding for each quality a maximum number of marks. Three examiners were sent out on a Wizard and were asked, thereafter, to put down the marks which they thought it deserved. And then those marks were added together and divided and averaged up and the ensuing document was deposited with the Bank—and if it were my Bank I don't mind telling you that it would be damn glad to get anything with such good signatures to it. And whose were they? First, Sir Malcolm Campbell who, besides being a journalist, at one time seemed to be in the way of making a name for himself in the motor-racing field; second, Sir "Tim" Birkin, who, according to the fatuous gossip columns of a newspaper, seems to do almost anything but drive a car; and third, the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, who, to all appearances has forsaken the highway for the airway. But, knowing them all, I should say you could not find a better trio of car judges. Now what you have to do is to go to your local agent, take a run in a Wizard, provide yourself with the necessary form, equip yourself with the Campbell-cum-Birkin-cum-Bruce mentality (thus somewhat flattering yourself), and jot down the marks for each quality that you imagine they

would have given. Could anything be easier? I don't mind telling you that I'm going in for this struggle—but then I never have any luck, so that knowledge need not deter you. Whoever wins the cars, and whatever else may be the result, I call this a doocid good notion. If it does nothing else it will remind us that we are very apt to judge cars both superficially and hastily. Rarely, if ever, do we attempt a systematic appraisal. Well, I have indicated the water. You, dear reader, are for the nonce, the horse. Have a leg at it!

Lusty Engineering.

With reference to the above, it is purely a coincidence that last week-end I was percolating all over the Home Counties (evidently so called because no one is supposed to live outside London) in a new, attractive, and most distinctly gingery Hillman Vortic sports. This, of course, is a straight-eight model, and let me tell you it is so good that you might well think it one over the eight were not the sparking plugs, all in a neat row, ready to convince you that the eight is—er—straight, and all that sort of thing. I am not going to suggest that the measured circuit over which I tried the Vortic was a sequence of hairpin bends, dense traffic, and precipitous gradients, for it is just or'nery give-an'-take. But the car, without hard pushing, averaged 46 m.p.h. against the solemn clock—which, when you come to think of it, is very good going indeed. Its designers seem to have got lots more power out of this engine without making it more obtrusive; they have equipped it with a really silent third; they have given it faultless springing, steering, and brakes; they have advanced it with the road-holding qualities of a racer, they have *tout-ensemblé* it with as jolly a close-coupled four-door four-seat coupé as could be wished . . . and they have the audacity to ask £405 for the entire outfit!

Why is this?

Opticians are hereby given a chance of distinguishing themselves by an answer. The conundrum is that in hours of so-called daylight I will blaze along through the densest fog as though it hardly existed. But after lighting-up time the smallest ground mist puts "Reed. w. thanks" to my account. It doesn't matter a bit what car I am driving—for me the short-bonnetted are just as bad as the long-bonnetted 'uns. I remember once, during the War, trying to drive an oak-leaved brass-hat home in my own car and over a road of which I knew every millimetre by heart. He, apparently, had got Oliver Lodge eyes and could see clear through fog, for after shoving me out of my seat he took the wheel and proceeded to average about forty in perfectly filthy safety. It was just the same to-night as ever was. Lorries and coaches were gaily hurtling past me whilst I, poor mutt, was wondering whether I was really upon that road which I have covered not less than a thousand times in these last three years. I should hesitate to put the question forward if I thought I was an isolated case. But I know at least six others, experienced, seasoned, and normally well-sighted drivers who get as lost as I do in a night fog. And I know it is not a question of lamps for we have all swapped experiences, and I believe we have all tried every conceivable adjustment. So when you, sir or madam, with eyes of double magnifying and penetrating power, get behind me and curse me for my slowness, have a heart. I ain't doing it a'ppose. Just take me on in daylight, and Armstrong-Armida and I will show you what's what.



AT THE NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE HUNT BALL

Another group of people who were at this ball at Trentham Hall appears on p. 537 in this issue. In this one are: At back—Captain H. W. J. Powell, Captain H. P. Brain, and the Hon. Thomas Littleton, Lord Hatherston's youngest son; in front—the Hon. Hester Littleton, the Hon. Mrs. James Gairdner, who is her sister and was formerly the Hon. Joyce Littleton, and Miss M. J. Smith

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



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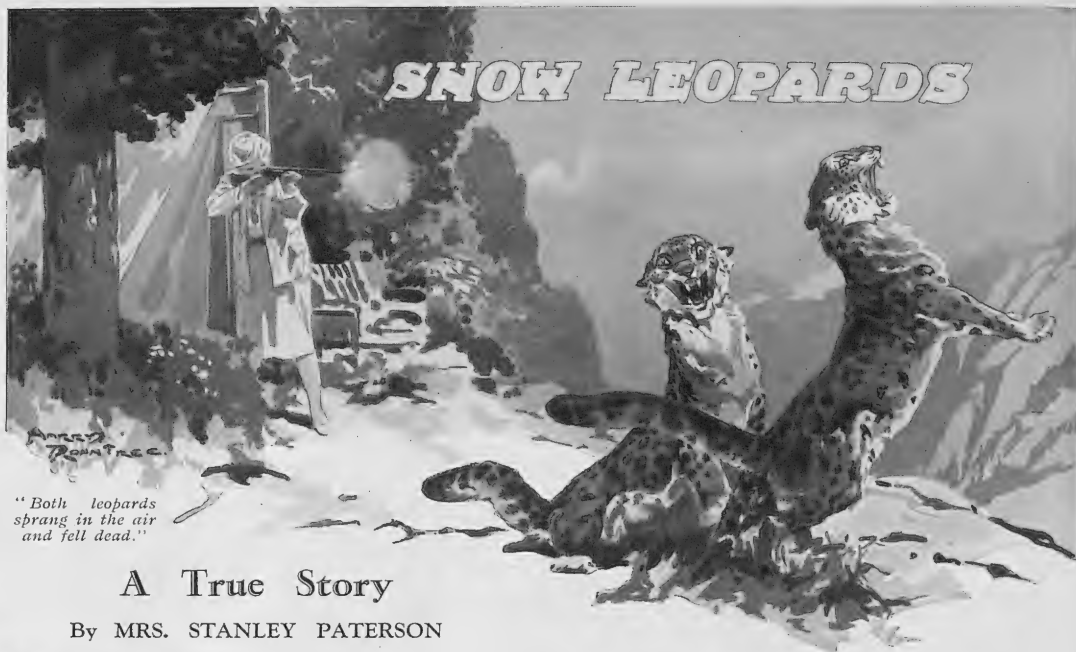
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"Both leopards sprang in the air and fell dead."

A True Story

By MRS. STANLEY PATERSON

"I ENVY Watkins those two magnificent snow leopard skins," Cresswell remarked, as together we escaped from old Major Watkins' house, where his giddy young daughter had just been having a noisy cocktail party.

"Did you tell him so?" I enquired.

"Not I," he replied. "I do not waste my time talking to boring back numbers when such a bevy of beautiful flappers are gathered together."

"Lucky for you," I remarked, "for those precious skins are the only ones of all his trophies over which our friend Watkins does not enthuse."

"Odd—that," said Cresswell, "for the bagging of one of those beautiful animals has been the dream of my life."

"Poor old Watkins had that dream once too," I answered.

"As you know, Cresswell, he was a mighty hunter and a first-class shot. There is practically no species of big game in any part of the globe which he has not bagged at some time or other. Before he was married he used to spend all his leave wandering off to the Altai Mountains to find a rare unicorn, or searching the plateaux round Victoria Nyanza for the Nandi bear, and year after year, later on in life, he used to drag his fragile wife on long camping trips amid the snows of the Himalayas in search of a snow leopard.

"You don't, I think, remember Mrs. Watkins? She died of pure fright during a Zeppelin raid in 1917.

"She was one of those fluffy, nervous, little women who are content to sit most of their lives, with their toes tucked up near the fire, embroidering silk undies, loving comfort and a peaceful life. Dragging her round camping in the wilds of the Himalayas must have been hell to her, but in those good old pre-War days the female of the species obeyed the orders of the superior male. Most of 'em did anyhow!

"Well, the story I am about to tell you happened just before Watkins' regiment left India, and the man was wild with disappointment, because he was leaving that now distracted country without having bagged a snow leopard.

"Some months before the regiment was due to embark for the stagnation of Colchester, he got extra leave to have a final hunt for that unique but elusive cat. As usual he dragged his little woman along with him. They went up to Srinagar, and persuaded the British Resident there to give them special permission to go and shoot in the Chilas country.

"When they at last reached this happy hunting ground Watkins would turn out daily at 3 a.m., and spend the whole day trying to locate two snow leopards which his shikari assured him the natives of those parts swore were about. But he never came across them.

"As his precious last leave slipped away, he became morose and disappointed. Dawn broke finally on their last day among the snows of Chilas. Long before those glorious mountain tops turned pale pink in the morning sun, Watkins was climbing towards them in one last despairing effort to bag a snow leopard. He was a sad man as he struggled over rough boulders and glacier slopes, for he saw himself returning to England without his snow leopard.

"Little Mrs. Watkins rose early too, ate her breakfast, and then, before the sun got too scorching, she sat in her Roorkee chair, just outside the tent door, busily finishing a pair of what-you-may-call-'ems before she began packing. You can imagine her fluffy little face alight with content that these bothersome months had at length come to an end.

"All was still as death, for the Khansamah having finished washing up had disappeared into the kitchen tent.

"Mrs. Watkins threaded the last bit of baby ribbon into her dainty bit of crêpe de chine, folded it neatly, and then looked up, and there in front of her, only a few yards away, were two magnificent snow leopards playing like kittens in the snow! For the moment, of course, her internal machinery registered no revolution! Then, with scarcely a movement, she slipped off her chair into the tent door, behind her back.

"Watkins' gun case, with his stuff all ready to pack, was lying on the floor.

"Mrs. Watkins, I may tell you, had never fired a shot in her life. She was simply terrified of guns, but she picked up what chanced to be a Mannlicher rifle (one of the most perfect ever made), found a cartridge which apparently fitted and, what was even more miraculous, held the gun the right way round, took one look at the nearest leopard, and fired!

"Both leopards sprang into the air, then fell dead!

"Mrs. Watkins very nearly followed suit! When the cook, awakened from his slumbers by the sound of the shot, came running to see the cause thereof, he found his memsahib lying in a faint on the floor of her tent, and two enormous but lifeless snow leopards prostrate in front of it!

"In the evening a very tired and desperately disappointed man crawled into camp. He flung himself into a Roorkee chair by the side of the camp fire where Mrs. Watkins was sitting toasting her toes.

"'No damned luck,' he said crossly.

"'I cannot understand, Ted, dear,' cooed Mrs. Watkins, 'why you have such difficulty in killing snow leopards. I find them the easiest things in the world to shoot. Only to-day I bagged two beauties!' Which remark was, of course, for poor old Watkins, the very last straw!"

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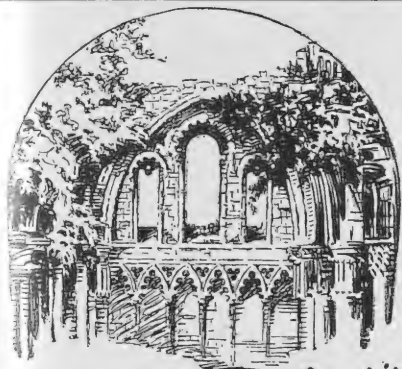


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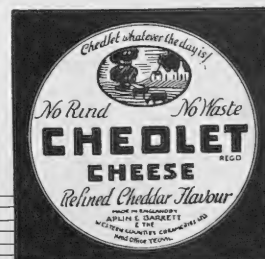
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EVE AT GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

NEVER have so many champions looked so cheerful and so charming as the collection of them that forgathered at Grosvenor House for the Golf Ball in aid of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington. Perhaps it was the pleasant glow of helping a grand cause that made all enjoy themselves so right royally. Or perhaps it was merely that there were the right people to dance with and, when you tired of dancing, all sorts of quite inimitable side shows of the real golfing type to contribute to your entertainment. In advance I confided to a trusty friend that my lot would be to describe what everybody wore and that I never fancied myself at that job. She advised me airily to say that somebody looked like nothing on earth in what appeared to be a converted bed-spread, and that someone else had apparently borrowed her landlady's Nottingham lace curtains—and run short of them at that!

But I refused. Almost without exception the lady golfer looked quite delightful. I longed for a goodly collection of those unpleasant folk, of both sexes, who say that the species may be able to play golf, but may their daughters be preserved from ever looking like them! Had I been an anxious mamma of marriageable daughters at Grosvenor House, I should have felt extremely well satisfied if any daughter of mine had looked half so attractive.



Miss Wanda Morgan, the English Champion, and Mr. J. R. Gardner also attended the Golf Ball. Various alternatives to dancing were provided, and it was quite in keeping that these should include driving and putting competitions

It goes against my organizing instincts—call it my office-boy mind if you prefer—that when you talk about people and their frocks after a function like this, there is no accepted way of tabulating them. Really I cannot see anything wrong with the order of merit, starting with the champions and working down to the long handicaps. Of course handicaps are under revision at this time of year, and an ex-scratch, who is now 2, might get named before a live 1; but at least nobody is going to quarrel if we start off with Miss Joyce Wethered, whom everybody calls “the greatest living woman golfer,” and leaves it at that. She was working away like a Trojan, attending to the prize-draw, giving a hand wherever it was needed, not shunning the publicity which she hates, and yet all the time just as natural

and unassuming as ever. Incidentally her frock of gold brocade was entirely beguiling. Of course Major Cecil Hutchison was with her.

Then there was the open champion, Miss Enid Wilson, in black velvet and white fox, getting a great welcome on her return from America, and setting a splendid example of enthusiasm for side shows. There was a fearful and wonderful machine called The Bogeys Golf Tutor installed outside the ballroom, whereat you smote balls into a canvas sheeting, and the violence of your drive was recorded in suitable figures by a coloured light on a table of lengths. (Some thought the figures highly unsuitable; when Mr. Rex H . . . But is this libellous? Should that eminent golfer's name be suppressed, or the accusing figure “Not up to 70 yards”?) Well, anyway, braving all difficulties, high hee's, trailing skirts, unaccustomed clubs, and



Supporters of the Golf Ball: Miss Diana Fishwick, one of the hon. secretaries, with Mrs. Peers, Mr. Twiss, Mr. Whitley, and Lord Darnley at Grosvenor House. Further photographs of this good fixture, held for the benefit of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, appear on an earlier page

an entranced gallery which crowded round to watch champions fooling drives, the ladies lined up with the men. Miss Wilson led the way, and thereafter came the others: Miss Wanda Morgan in pearl chameuse, Miss Molly Gourlay in pale apricot satin, Miss Diana Fishwick in black with diamanté shoulder straps, Mrs. Guedalla in wine-colour, Mrs. Walter Payne in old rose lace, Miss Kathleen Garnham in white lace. The list grows wearisome. We might have the frocks of all the others: Mrs. Richard Porter, Miss Rabbidge, Miss Chambers, Mrs. Garon, Miss Jean Hamilton, Miss Dix Perkin, Miss Gladys Bastin, Miss Livingstone, but there are limits to space, and really a word must be spared to record the marvellous work done for five long mortal hours by the man who teed the balls. If ever anybody did his bit for a cause it was that man.

Others putted frantically, not all so successfully as Miss Gladys Bastin, who defeated every wile that ingenuity could pit against her.

But the real hero of the evening was Mr. Taylor, the one and only J. H. of Royal mid-Surrey, who came and auctioned for the good of the cause the driving maschie with which he had won three British Open Championships. “Four-and-six I expect is what it cost,” said the great man, holding it up to view, “but let us see what it is worth for this splendid, most merciful cause.” And Colonel Hannay, who was one of the prime movers in everything, and Mr. Dale Bourn, and many another good sportsman bid briskly against each other until it was knocked down to Mr. Bourn for £100—no less. Rumour has it that St. Mary's is the richer by four figures. At all events it was a grand evening.

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MONDAY 4TH JANUARY

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The HIGHWAY of FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE

What Women are Wearing.

THE smartest of smart fashions are worn by Gertrude Lawrence in *Can the Leopard* . . . Her dark hair is gracefully waved and curled at the ends, a wide strand of platinum hair crosses her head—it suits her to perfection—a casual glance suggests ribbon. By the way, Lady Massereene and Ferrard

on the left side only. It is rumoured that the former will wear, not a replica, but her sister's actual wedding dress when she becomes a bride. Lady Wimborne is among those who look ever so well in short sports coats; she was recently wearing one of leopard's skin with a dog leash leather belt.

The Parti-Coloured Belt.

Reverting, however, to Gertrude Lawrence when she becomes domesticated in *Can the Leopard* . . . She is seen in a tight-fitting white blouse with long sleeves and neat turn-over collar with jabot ends stitched with black, her patent leather belt is white on the left side and black on the right, her skirt being of ebon hue. In the first act her choice has alighted on a tweed skirt, in which the whole gamut of red, yellow, and brown shades is present; the stripes of the lower part are arranged in vandyks, while wide wasp stripes are introduced in the



The return of the blouse is heralded in this ensemble from Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, model department. The coat and skirt are of wool crêpe, while the blouse is of wool lace

parts her hair in the centre; it is waved at the side, and the ends coil into a large button chignon. At the Savoy recently she wore a black lace dress with ropes of pearls round her neck and arms, and a spray of roses the exact tint of the pearls. The Ruthven twins, or perhaps it would be more correct to say Miss Margaret Hore-Ruthven and Mrs. Barran, were as usual dressed alike; their frocks were of black velvet, while their short ermine coats had a spade-shaped pendant end



Satin has been chosen for the fashioning of this evening dress, with its diamanté sunray back. Clever cutting endows it with the power of slimming the figure. At Debenham and Freebody's

upper. The tuck-in blouse is cut in a V; it has a plain ground with stripes to match the skirt. It is impossible to do justice to her evening dresses; there is one of the palest begonia pink crêpe de chine: it has cowl draperies at the back and front, the skirt fits perfectly until the knees are reached, when fullness is introduced with the aid of box pleats.

Fashion as it Flies.

Although a sale is in progress at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, they are showing the advance guard of their spring fashions. On the left of this page is an ensemble; the bolero coat and skirt are of a brown wool fabric, while the tuck-in blouse, with its turn-over collar, is expressed in lace stitch, and although the

cost is only 7½ guineas. The afternoon dress in the centre is of black marocain, the waist drapery being tied at the side; new features are the adjustable halter collar and the leg-o'-mutton sleeves. The distinctive evening dress on the right is of black satin.

There are many novel features in this marocain frock from Debenham and Freebody's, including the detachable halter collar and leg-o'-mutton sleeves

(Continued on p. ii)



Photo by Tanbridge

"MEM-SAHIB."—Double Felt Terai, a very becoming double Terai in Superfine Fur Felt, the soft brims can be adjusted to suit any face, trimmed corded ribbon band and bow. It can be obtained in various shades and White, with contrasting underbrim if preferred.

Price, according to width of brim, from
Large Size Head Fittings a Speciality.
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Pure Irish Linen Sheets	-	- Pair	18/6
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Damask Napkins. 22 ins. by 22 ins.	-	- Dozen	15/-

And many other outstanding items of fine Linens for which this
establishment is so justly famed.

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THE whole of the Second Floor is taking part
in this great Clearance Sale. You will find
great reductions in model and inexpensive
garments of all kinds—

**GOWNS—COATS—BLOUSES—UNDERWEAR
—HATS—CHILDREN'S CLOTHING—CORSETS**

—everywhere in these great Fashion Salons there is the
same atmosphere of *true economy*—that is, of *reliable* and
beautiful merchandise at **substantial savings in price.**

The Fur Departments Participate Prominently

The Bargains in Selfridge's
great Fur Department in the
Great Clearance Sale must be
seen to be believed. The
stocks are as large as they are
varied and include every con-
ceivable kind of fur coat,
wrap, stole, tie—and all, of
course, expertly made up into
the most up-to-date of fash-
ions. And every item of this
magnificent collection has
been

SUBSTANTIALLY REDUCED IN PRICE.

Whether you want one of the
superb Minks or a hardwearing
Musquash, you will find exactly
your size and style at a saving
which is well worth while.

We should like also to draw
particular attention to the short
White Coney Coats at £2.10.0,
reduced from £4.

Also a large variety of the trim
short fur coats for the early
Spring days. These are of
various furs, and all at the very
reasonable price of £5.

Then you must not forget the
practical full length coats in
Natural Musquash, Marmot,
Black or Brown Pony. These
are all reduced to £12 each.



Persian Lamb Coats

This illustration is merely one of the many high-graded Persian
Lamb Coats from our large and varied stocks. We are making a
very special item of these coats which have **previously ranged in
price from £120 to £79**, and which we are now
offering at
They are trimmed with various contrasting furs,
mainly Kolinsky, Mink, Sable, Squirrel and
Beaver.

£49

Selfridge & Co., Ltd.

Oxford Street, London, W. 1

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Throughout January.

Bradleys' (Chepstow Place) winter sale begins on Monday next, January 4, and continues throughout the month. The illustrated catalogues are ready and will be sent gratis and post free. All the French model and tailored suits are being offered at greatly reduced prices, and there are eighteen tailored redingotes in different shades and colours ranging in price from 4 to 10 guineas. Again, there is a limited number of felt hats with feather mounts for 12s. 11d., usual price 29s. 6d. A black velvet even afternoon model gown is 9 guineas, original price £25; it is enriched with plaid silk. Unprecedented bargains are to be encountered in the realm of boudoir wraps and dressing gowns. As this firm have purchased at very advantageous prices in the last Hudson Bay sale, they are able to offer beautiful silky Canadian mink coats at ridiculously low prices.

A Cold January.

It is the general belief that January and February will be exceptionally cold months; therefore, intelligent women will avail themselves of the golden opportunities offered by Percy Vickery's (235, Regent Street, W.) sale. Included in it is the handsome, nevertheless slimming, seal musquash coat, trimmed with kolinsky, pictured on this page; it is 35 guineas, while the short pony-skin coat trimmed with squirrel on the left is 10 guineas. There are a very few coats for 5 guineas; naturally, in order to obtain one of these bargains, an early visit is essential. Again, there are Persian lamb coats, trimmed with sable fox, for 59 guineas, original price 110 guineas; cocoa-dyed squirrel coats with fox collars have been reduced from 69 to 49 guineas.

A Sale of the Season.

Among the very important sales of the season is that of Woollands, Knightsbridge; it is in progress and continues

until January 28, remnant days being Thursdays. Included in it are chrome leather coats, cut with a good wrap-over, for 4 guineas; a few days ago they were 5 guineas. There are becoming lightweight wool and artificial silk mixtures for 22s. 9d., and blouses in washable suede for the same price. Further details of this

and there are man-tailored coats in herring-bone tweed for 70s. In the model gown department the bargains are equally drastic; for instance, a net evening gown with neckline and hip yoke outlined with embroidery is 12½ guineas, original price 40 guineas. Again, an original evening gown in black and silver ciré brocade is 21 guineas instead of 48 guineas.

Gilt-Edge Investments.

There seems to be no limit to the gilt-edge investments that have been assembled at Harvey and Nichols' (Knightsbridge) sale. There are gay little coatees of multi-coloured brocade with long roll collar of gold lamé for 35s. 9d.; and this is also the cost of chiffon velvet coatees lined with silk. Furthermore, there are cosy sleeping suits (guaranteed unshrinkable) in fine soft wool flecked with rayon silk for 25s. 9d., and there are long-sleeved nightdresses of nun's-veiling for 15s. 9d., and others with short sleeves for 7s. 9d.

Nearly Half Price.

Everything is reduced to nearly half price at Burberrys' (Haymarket) sale; the regular Burberry is obtainable for 73s. 6d., while overcoats in cheviots, saxonies, and homespun are 3 and 5 guineas; neither must it be overlooked that coats and skirts are 6½ guineas; an immense vogue for the latter is predicted in the Spring.

Special Offers.

Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, are making very special offers in their fashion section from to-day until January 8. No catalogue is issued,

therefore a visit is essential.

One Hundred per Cent. British.

A quascutum's (100, Regent Street, W.) sale is in progress, and they are offering their entire stock of 100 per cent. British hand-tailored overcoats for men and women at the lowest prices for twenty years; they are from £3.



FASHIONABLE FUR COATS

They are included in Percy Vickery's (235, Regent Street) sale. The model on the left is of black pony-skin trimmed with grey squirrel, while the one on the right is of seal musquash trimmed with kolinsky

all-important sale will be found in the catalogue, sent gratis and post free.

Drastic Reductions.

Drastic are the reductions that have been made in everything at Marshall and Snelgrove's (Oxford Street) sale. There are mackintoshes in rubbered Indiana cotton for 19s. 6d., usual price 31s. 6d.,

Woollands

Quality Sale

TO-DAY AND DAILY

*Typical Bargains of the
many lovely models
greatly reduced in price.*



Charming Ensemble in brown
romaine with velvet coatlet, trimmed
foxaline fur.

Usual Price 38½ Gns.

Special Sale Price

12½ Gns.

Remnants

**Half Price
and Less**

each Thursday.



Original Model Evening Gown
in printed ninon of a very artistic
design and colouring.

Usual Price 32½ Gns.

Special Sale Price

6½ Gns.



Original Model Evening Gown
in a most becoming shade of flame—
cut on very becoming lines in heavy
georgette.

Usual Price 35½ Gns.

Special Sale Price

8½ Gns.

*Book of Bargains
Post Free.*

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AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Autogiration

DEMONSTRATIONS are interesting, amusing, and sometimes instructive, but they do not demonstrate. They are similar to conjuring tricks in that they are the apotheosis of appearances, designed to look effective externally and often to do nothing else. They are façades and not foundations. Therefore, suspect demonstrations. It is when you come upon a thing unawares, in its nightdress, so to speak, before the vanishing cream has vanished, in the still and silent watches of the morning that you see it as it really is. Make that your acid test.

It was in this manner that I came upon the autogiro the other day, when it was not "expecting visitors." On the spur of the moment I looked in at Hanworth, and there were two autogiros making circuits of the aerodrome in the manner of the multitudinous Moth at the flying clubs. They were taking off and landing and going round and round—and round and round, with the stolid mechanicalism of the perfect club machine. And every landing run was shorter than the machine's own length.

Mr. Gordon Selfridge, who is a flying enthusiast and, what is rarer, a competent pilot able to fly a wide variety of types with precision and judgment, went up in one of the autogiros to try the controls. Mr. Clarkson did the same. In spite of all that has been said since, I still look back with satisfaction at the forecast of the autogiro's future which I made many years ago in my little book "Æolus," or "The Future of the Flying Machine." I still think that the autogiro will play a large part in short-distance air transport in the future. At Hanworth, also, while Mr. Selfridge was trying the machine, were Colonel the Master of Sempill and Colonel Deeds, who is interested in the schemes for starting airship services across the Atlantic. Colonel Sempill was trying his Puss Moth fitted with its new tail-wheel in place of what he aptly called its previous "agricultural implement."



AT THE TORONTO AERODROME: MR. V. O. LEVICK AND MR. R. A. LOADER

A picture taken in front of Bert Hinkler's trans-Atlantic Puss Moth. Mr. R. A. Loader is vice-president of the leading company which builds Moths in Canada

Kingsford Smith.

Kingsford Smith is the only living commercial pilot I would place beside Hinkler. He came from Australia with the Christmas mails in thirteen days, two-and-a-half days less than Squadron-Leader Hinkler took on his 1928 pioneer fast flight from England to Australia. The two flights are not directly comparable in any way. Kingsford Smith was in a large multi-engine machine, whereas Hinkler flew solo in a light aeroplane, and there are the years between. But indirectly the comparison shows how Australia is creeping closer and closer to England. There is no comment at the thirteen days' flight even in mid-winter during a spell of fog. That is a good sign; but only provided the Post Office is not allowed to overlook the flight.

A good deal of criticism has been levelled against the Post Office recently; but in nothing is it more deserving of adverse criticism than in the way it is handling the air-mail situation. All gold and bullion are already sent by air, so that there can be no question of the trustworthiness of the air lines. Why, then, does the Post Office, which is entrusted by the public not to push outworn prejudices but to send its mails in the quickest possible way, fail to contract for all first-class mails to go by air wherever there is an air service? It is clear that there is some influence at work which is interfering with the Post Office choice of means of transport, even if that influence is nothing other than unreasoning and unreasonable prejudice.

Flying Messengers.

British Air Transport, Ltd., has offered a flying scholarship to one of the boys of the Commercial Cable Company. These boys, largely at the instigation of Mr. Geoffrey Dorman, one who can produce new ideas as rapidly as Morris produces motor-cars, have formed a flying club, and they recently went down to Croydon and took a number of flights of experience.

Next to the mail service, the parcels and messenger-boy service is one which could well be accelerated, and one of the ways of doing it would be by the use of aircraft. Let us hope it is on the wing!

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

Birmingham Show was the great success it always is. The genial and charming hospitality of Sir Walter Evans, Mr. Wilmot, and Mr. McCandlish created the usual atmosphere of friendliness and welcome that distinguishes Birmingham and affects all exhibitors alike. Another feature of this show is the great interest taken in it by the public; eleven thousand people passed the turnstiles the first day, and the alleys were congested by an interested crowd, all obviously enjoying themselves. The show itself was of its usual high class, and worthily upheld the tradition of the oldest dog show society in England. The judging was got through expeditiously, and the evening judging of specials was a great attraction. It is impossible to mention a quarter of our members who were exhibiting.

Pekinese remain steady favourites; they have one curious characteristic. People who have not associated with them occasionally laugh at them as "pampered dogs," but no one who has ever known one does so. They are full of character, sturdy, independent, and quite fearless. Lately there has been a fashion for white Pekinese. Mrs. Goad writes, "This is the original kennel of white Pekinese and I have had eight generations of them." Her dogs are well known to us at shows, and she sends a delightful picture of two of them "and friend." Mrs. Goad has some beautiful snow-white puppies for sale at very moderate prices.



WHITE PEKINESE "AND FRIEND"
The property of Mrs. Goad



STILLINGTON CLAUS
The property of Mrs. Murray Wilson

She will be pleased to show them to anyone at her home in Sydenham. She also has a red griffon dog, fifteen months old and over distemper, for sale cheap. She is only selling him as she is giving up griffons. Mrs. Goad, unluckily, is not strong and would be willing to take a partner; she also has good boarding kennels near London.

The poodle is another dog of great character; he is extremely intelligent and sensitive; we have all seen the marvellous tricks done by trained poodles and their relatives. In proper hands the poodle also makes a good sporting dog. Mrs. Murray Wilson's beautiful team are world-famous. She sends a picture of her lovely young dog, Stillington Claus. Claus, who is not yet two years old, has done remarkably well. He was reserve to the certificate winner, Mrs. Wilson's well-known Jolicœur, at the last Kennel Club Show, and has won many first prizes. The Kennel Club Show was a record for Mrs. Wilson, as Jolicœur won the Certificate and first in Graduate, Claus first in Open, and Marquette first in Limit. Mrs. Wilson also won Brace, Team, and the Breeders' Class, truly a remarkable performance.

Mrs. Hervey Bathurst's gun dogs are well known in Scotland, though owing to living in Argyllshire she is not able to run them as often in England as we should like. She writes, "I have a really first-class litter of springers for sale. The sire is an excellent worker and holds an F.T. certificate; the dam is by Dalshangan Dandy Boy. The puppies are strong and healthy, bold and intelligent, and will be sold at strictly moderate prices." The picture shows a group of Mrs. Bathurst's springers. The one on the right is their paternal granddam, and is by dual Champion Flint of Avendale ex Champion Laverstoke Pallern, and the dog on the extreme left is their maternal great grandire, also by Flint, and one of the best workers that ever was, so these pups should do well. The last litter bred like this produced great workers and one or two field trial winners.



GROUP OF FIELD TRIAL WINNING SPRINGERS
The property of Mrs. Hervey Bathurst

I have an application from a lady who wishes to go into a large kennel as secretary chausseuse, and will give her services in return for tuition in kennel work. She can drive a car, also ride, drive, and manage horses, and is an expert book-keeper. She is anxious to take up kennel work in a large kennel.

All letters should be addressed to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

R. MARCUS

Annual Sale



Handsome Coat in fine quality Sable Kolinsky—a wonderful bargain at

68 Gns.

In Canadian Mink at
125 Gns.

Also in Russian Mink at
49 Gns.

● Take advantage of these wonderful prices and buy your furs now.

● A sound investment that will show an advance of at least 50 % in value by next year.



Attractive short Coat in White Coney worked to represent Ermine.

Sale Price
3 Gns.

R. MARCUS Ltd., Manufacturing Furriers,
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33, Kensington High Street, London, W. 8

97, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

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The Transformation is supplied in natural wavy hair, price from 15s Gns. Toupet, for front and top of head only, from 7 Gns. Shingled Head-dress from 20 Gns.

The woman who appreciates the importance of her coiffure will welcome the latest "Nicol" creation, the "FINETTA PARTING" Transformation. The exquisite quality of the workmanship ensures a resemblance to nature without comparison.

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Specialists in Permanent Waving

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M. L. EAST

Sixty-seventh

January Clearance Sale

Open until **PROCEEDING** **6.30 p.m.**

Imitation Laces

Remnants in all styles at much reduced prices.
Nightgown Tops in great variety from 3/- to 50/-.
Remnants *Embroideries* for Baby Frocks from 5/9 the length.
Fine Veinings. Beadings, etc., in useful lengths.

Laces, Lingerie, Baby Linen

Bargains include Thousands of Remnant Lengths, real Valenciennes, Flemish, Filet, Irish Crochet, Cluny, Milanese, etc. Large Stock must be cleared.

Materials

Remnants best quality Crêpe-de-Chine, Triple Ninon, Washing Satin, coloured Cotton Materials, etc.
1,000 yds. Pure Silk Crêpe-de-Chine printed small design suitable for Lingerie, etc., usually 12/9 yd. Special Sale Price 8/6 yd.

Handkerchiefs

Odd lots, fine embroidered Linen, from 6 for 6/6. Hand-embroidered Handkerchiefs from as low as 6 for 12/9. Real Lace-trimmed from 3/- each, and plain Linen Handkerchiefs, some soiled. All to be cleared. Great Bargains!

Lingerie

Dainty coloured and white hand-worked Lawn Nightgowns from as low as 11/6. Model Nightgowns in Crêpe-de-Chine, Satin, etc., must be cleared. Knickers, Cami-knickers, etc., at bargain prices.

Baby Clothes

Frocks from 7/6, Robes from 15/-, Bonnets, etc., all much reduced in price.

SEND FOR A PARCEL OF GOODS TO CHOOSE FROM AND A SELECTION OF REMNANTS. THE ENTIRE STOCK OFFERED AT A BIG DISCOUNT.

CATALOGUE

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(First Floor.)

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WEDDINGS AND

In Peking.

Mr. John Playfair Price, of His Majesty's Legation in China, is marrying Miss Elizabeth Kendall, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Kendall of Peking and Boston, Massachusetts, and the wedding will take place on January 7 in Peking.

Marrying Shortly.

On January 26, Mr. Robert Ropner and Miss Bee Lacon are being married at St. Margaret's, Westminster; Mr. Charles Percy Burnham Hodgson of Sao Paulo, Brazil, and Lacock, Wiltshire, is marrying Miss Gladys Minnie North, at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Monken Hadley, on January 23; Captain Roger Peake, the Royal Dragoons, and Miss Nancy Pritchard have fixed January 21 for their marriage at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street; and on the 30th, Captain Doyne and Miss Seymour are to be married at Iyer Church, Buckinghamshire.

Recently Engaged.

Dr. Hugh White Williamson, the third son of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Williamson of Norwich, and Miss Muriel Violet Coe, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Coe of Norwich; Mr. William Spencer Miles, the only son of the late Dr. W. Miles and Mrs. Miles of



MISS PAULINE REED

Who is engaged to Captain James Francis Robert Forman, Indian Army, is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar S. Reed of Rossclere, Minehead



MISS CECILIA GREEN

The younger daughter of the late Mr. William Green, the well-known tenor, and Mrs. W. Green of Hampstead, who announced her engagement recently to Mr. Neil W. Alexander, M.A., Cantab., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., the only son of Colonel J. W. Alexander, D.S.O., M.D., and Mrs. Alexander of The Spinney, Armley, Leeds

Hemdrescythan, Glamorgan, and Miss Margaret Shelagh Gibbs, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Gibbs of White Lodge, Penylan, Cardiff; Captain Henry Perceval Wilson, R.N., of Rownhams, Hants, and Miss Kathleen Bartlett, the younger daughter of Mr. and

ENGAGEMENTS

Mrs. Bartlett of Rownhams, Hants; Mr. Frederic Vincent Warren, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Warren of St. Ives, Hunts, and Miss Joan Raven, the daughter of Major and Mrs. H. Palgrave Raven of Hoxne, Diss, Norfolk; Mr. Alured Drew Bovill, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy C. Bovill of Pensilva, Churston, Devon, and Miss Mary Barbara Phillips, the elder daughter of the late Mr. R. W. Phillips of Ruabon, and Mrs. Phillips of Pen Hill, Brixham, South Devon; Mr. Douglas Forster, 11th Hussars, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Forster of Rumwood Court, Maidstone, and Miss Joan Fielden, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Fielden of Kineton, Warwickshire; Captain G. A. Gordon Spottiswoode, 7th Light Cavalry, Indian



MISS BARBARA ODLING

The younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Odling of Portland Mansions, Brighton, who is to marry Mr. John Morton Cottrell

Army, the elder son of the late Mr. Adrian G. Spottiswoode and Mrs. Spottiswoode of Kettlehill House, Underhill, Sevenoaks, and Miss Sheila Hermione Weathrall-King, the elder daughter of Mr. G. S. Weathrall-King, I.S.E.-Punjab Irrigation, and Mrs. Weathrall, King of Lyallpur, India; Mr. Stanley Ernest Parkhouse, the youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Parkhouse of Mayfield, Pinner, Middlesex, and Miss Mary Helen Erskine, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Erskine of Capes-thorne, Pinner.

MAVIS MURRAY

For Regent St. Models
AT HALF
REGENCY ST.
PRICES

Miss Murray
desires to announce
that her annual

WINTER SALE

of Model Gowns,
Sports Wear and
Ensembles

COMMENCES ON
WEDNESDAY
DEC. 30th

29, Swallow Street, Regent Street,
(near the Piccadilly Hotel), London, W.1

All our models are designed and made in London.

"... your maids simply

radiate smartness"



How gratifying to the hostess! And how easily that smartness can be obtained—at Garrould's. Here are caps, aprons, dresses, comprising the new 1932 range . . . all made on the premises . . . all of materials that stand up to hard wear . . . all in colourful designs and practical styles . . . all made to "radiate smartness."

Please send for illustrated catalogue "Ambassadors of the Host" (a post card will do), or 'phone Paddington 5320.

Apron 12/1, Cap 5/7 (left).
Practical apron in
good quality white
washing lawn.
Price 1/11
Coronet Cap to
match, 1/3½

EVELYN (right).
Smart Maid's
Afternoon Dress
in super poplin.
Sizes W., 42, 44,
46.
Price 27/6

GARROULD'S

E. & R. GARROULD LIMITED (Dept. T.8)
150-162, Edgware Road, Marble Arch, W.2

vi

MAVIS MURRAY

For Regent St. Models
AT HALF
REGENCY ST.
PRICES

Miss Murray
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COMMENCES ON
WEDNESDAY
DEC. 30th

29, Swallow Street, Regent Street,
(near the Piccadilly Hotel), London, W.1

All our models are designed and made in London.



V.749. Attractive Felt Hat with stitched band round crown. Suitable for golf or country wear. In lovely colours. Sizes: 6½, 7, 7½ only. Sale Price **23/9**

Sale now Proceeding

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DAILY from 12 noon.

(SUNDAYS from 6.0)

Week of December 28th.

"DADDY LONG LEGS"

"SKIPPY"

WITH JANET GAYNOR.

WITH JACKIE COOPER & ROBERT COOGAN.

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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for your help for an old grandmother who cannot get her old age pension for two years. At present she has only 2s. 6d. a week of her own, allowed her by a married son. At one time of her life she earned her living as a singer in comic opera, but lost her voice through worry and unhappiness with a drunken husband. At his death she went to live with an invalid son in the country, and nursed him till he also died. Now she has come to live in London with her married daughter whose husband has just deserted her. This daughter is a waitress at a restaurant, and she has to be out daily till past midnight, and in consequence her small boy, aged 9, is all alone in the one room which is their home. The grannie is terribly needed to look after this boy and keep him off the streets at night, but the mother's earnings are not enough to maintain all three. We want to give the grandmother 7s. 6d. a week over this winter, when it is hoped the daughter's earnings will be increased; £10 is needed.

"Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes, 1932," has made its most welcome appearance, and is as complete as ever. Containing, as it does, the biographies of some 30,000 people, births, deaths, and marriages, promotions, the conferment of honours, and changes of address are only some of the happenings which cause constant change in this book from year to year, and which necessitate the most careful revision. The recent General Election has necessitated the complete revision of the Parliamentary Lists. These contain a complete record of the changes which have taken place. The first list contains the names of all Members of Parliament, with their addresses, clubs, telephone numbers, and the constituency which each represents; the second list gives the names of Members under their respective constituencies. Both lists state the party to which each Member belongs. Biographical notices of new

Members whose names have not previously appeared in the handbook will be found in the addenda, as the election occurred too late for these to be included in their proper position in the alphabetic section of the book. The book contains particulars of a large number of county magistrates and land owners, and these are continually being added to. Much other useful information is also included, such as particulars of the Royal Family (arranged so that the names can be readily found); tables of precedence; regulations governing the wearing of orders, decorations, and medals; lists of the principal clubs, Lords-Lieutenant of Counties, Governors-General, Governors, High Commissioners and Agents-General (with their addresses), Peers, and Members of Parliament, etc., etc. A most indispensable book of reference.



WITH THE GROVE HOUNDS AT BLYTH

A snapshot taken last week of Miss Ruby Atkinson-Clark—on the steed—and Miss Kayzer and Miss Joclyn Wingfield. The Grove country touches three counties—Notts, Yorks, and Derbyshire. The country as it is now was inaugurated by the famous George Foljambe

An ideal gift for the New Year is the Dragon Book in which are portrayed many episodes in the life of Denny's, Rouge Dragon of the Fiery Breath. The book contains 100 pages of clever humour in colour by Alfred Leete, and will afford hours of pleasure to any child who is big enough to shun stupidity and yet old enough to appreciate humour. The book is priced at 6s., and is obtainable at all newsagents and railway bookstalls, or from the publishers, Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., 346, Strand, W.C.2.

Among the recent H.M.V. records are the following; Jeanette Macdonald singing "Dear, when I Met You," in English, with "Reviens" on the other side, and also "Goodnight" and "Pardon, Madam" from *Viktoria and Her Hussar*. Both these records reproduce her charming voice delightfully. Also from *Viktoria and her Hussar* are "Mausie" and "Mama," a vocal duet in German by Oscar Denes and Lissi Waldmuller. Jack Hylton and his band play "Pardon, Madam," and "Goodnight, Sweetheart." Winnie Melville and Derek Oldham sing "Star of my Night" and "Only Girl in the World for Me."

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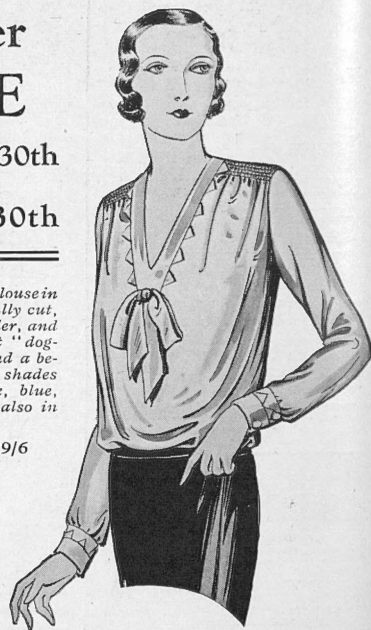
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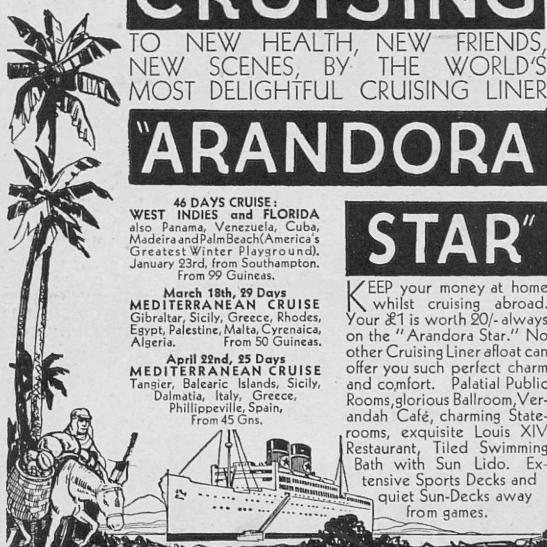
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